

The
Jeweled



Crown

BY
ASA HULL



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THE
JEWELLED CROWN

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF
ORIGINAL HYMNS AND TUNES FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

BY
ASA HULL

*Author of "Happy Greetings," "Jewels of Praise," "Gem of Gems," "Wreath of Praise," "Garlands of Praise,"
"Hull's Chorus Book," "Temperance Rallying Songs," "Gospel Praise Book," etc.*

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SUGGESTIONS.

“THE JEWELLED CROWN” is not only a new music book, but a book of new music also. No expense has been spared to make it just what Sunday-schools need and will appreciate when properly presented to them. No set rules can be laid down that will apply to the changed conditions of the different schools, therefore very much must be left to the good taste and judgment of the musical director. In schools where the musical talent is sufficient to warrant it, Solos, Duets, and Quartets can be introduced where they are not indicated, the school always joining in the choruses. In that way a pleasing variety may be obtained. We do not regard that as a necessity, for the music is sufficiently attractive to interest both old and young without such expedient.



No one should attempt to teach a new tune until entirely familiar with it, so as to be able to render it with precision and force, as the first impressions are generally lasting and hard to remove if improperly given.

A few of the old standard church tunes have been introduced to fill parts of pages—a feature of our late books, which has been received with such general favor as to induce us to continue the same plan herein.

Were it not a fact that we had a large amount of new music to offer, there would be no occasion for issuing another book at this time. But in “*The Jeweled Crown*” we present a greater array of new and exceptionally good Sunday-school Music than in any of our former publications, which must prove a valuable addition to the general supply.

PUBLISHER.

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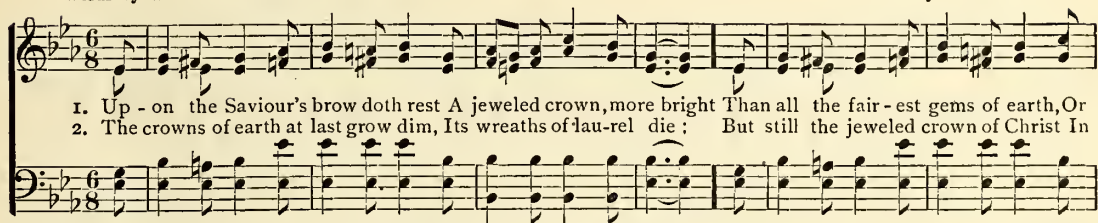
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THE JEWELLED CROWN.

THE JEWELLED CROWN.

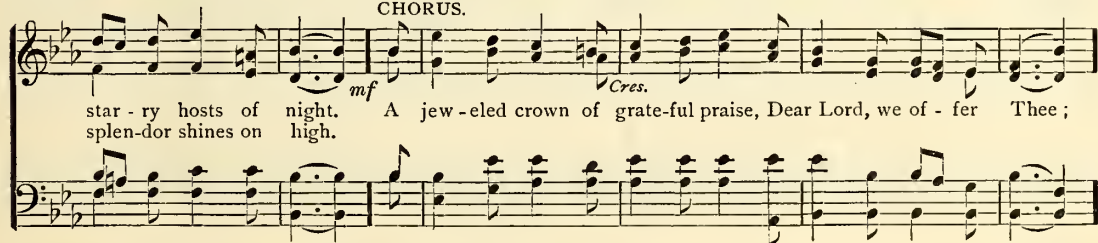
Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.



1. Up - on the Saviour's brow doth rest A jeweled crown, more bright Than all the fair - est gems of earth, Or
2. The crowns of earth at last grow dim, Its wreaths of lau - rel die : But still the jeweled crown of Christ In

CHORUS.



star - ry hosts of night. A jew - eled crown of grate - ful praise, Dear Lord, we of - fer Thee ;
splen - dor shines on high. *mf* *Cres.*



May we a - mong Thy jewels rare Be found e - ter - nal - ly ! *Rit.* *Cres.*

3 O jeweled crown of souls redeemed,
May we be found in thee,
And share thy radiance that streams
Across the crystal sea.

4 O gracious Lord, our souls are Thine,
They unto Thee belong ;
Smile Thou upon us, and accept
Our Jeweled Crown of song.

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SAFE, SAVIOUR, WITH THEE.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. We long to be Thine, O blest Saviour divine, To rest all se-cure in Thy arms ; To feel Thy heart
 2. Oh, yes we may be close u-nit - ed with Thee, Tho' here in this country be - low, Rough storms may sur-
 3. So close at Thy side we may safe-ly a-bide, Se - cure as the bird in its nest ; O ref-uge most

REFRAIN.

beat, Thy endearments so sweet, To be safe from the earth's rude a-larms. Safe, safe, Saviour, with Thee, Thro'
 round, here our peace doth abound, For our Lord and our Master we know.
 sweet, O blest shel-ter complete, For here fixed is for - ev - er our rest.

rit.

all of life's journey we're longing to be ; Safe, safe, Saviour, with Thee, Thro' all of life's journey we're longing to be !

SONGS OF JOY.

5

Words by Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. When to the throne of grace di-vine A con-trite heart the sin-ner brings, The an-gels strike their
 2. Tho' long the path of sin he trod, He finds a par-don full and sweet; Redeemed by love, brought

CHORUS.

harp of gold In hon-or of the King of kings. Songs of joy, songs of joy, Songs that
 near to God, He kneels before the mer-cy-seat. Songs of joy, songs of joy,

greet the ransomed soul; Songs of joy, songs of joy, Thro' the courts of heav-en roll!
 Songs of joy, songs of joy,

3 The gates of heaven are opened wide,
 The fount of living joy unsealed,
 The thirsting soul is satisfied,
 The broken heart forever healed.

4 O wonder of redeeming love!
 From lowest depths of sin and pain
 To heights of joy in realms above,
 It brings the wand'rer home again!

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

Words by HARRIET E. JONES.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. I love to think of the mu-sic grand, In the beau-ti-ful home on high ; Where dwell the saved and the
 2. I love to think of the glad new song, Of the mul-ti-tude on the right ; And love to think of the

CHORUS.

an - gel band As the rap-tu-rous years go by ! *p* mu - sic sweet ! *cres.* O mu - sic grand ! O beau-ti - ful
 blood-washed throng, In their beautiful robes of white !

home a - bove ! *f* Where the loved ones stand on the Lord's right hand, And their sweetest song is redeeming love !

3 I love to think of the wondrous sound
 From the beautiful harps of gold,
 When tuned anew on that holy ground,
 As the purified reach the fold !

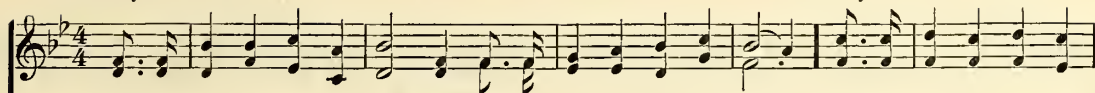
4 I love to think that at last I'll stand
 In the beautiful home of God ;
 And join the host at the Lord's right hand,
 Praising Him for the precious blood !

BLESSED ROCK OF SALVATION.

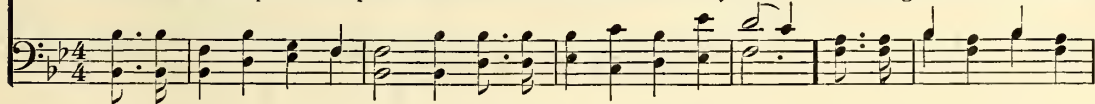
7

Words by IDA L. REED.

Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.



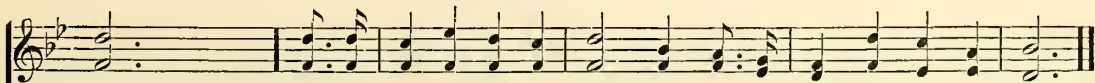
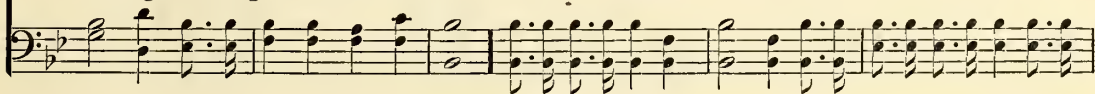
1. Bless-ed Rock of our sal - va - tion, Now we come to Thee with praise ; Thanking Thee for mer-cies
2. Thou art great, O Rock, and gra-cious, Thou art King all gods a - bove ; In Thy hand are earth's deep
3. We will wor-ship, we will praise Thee, We will kneel be-fore Thy throne ; Thanking Thee for all Thy



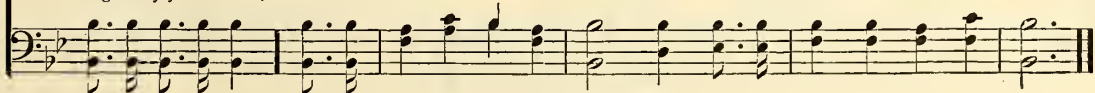
CHORUS.



ten-der, That have crown'd with joy our days. Rock most precious, We will sing to
 plac-es, Brighten'd by Thy ten-der love.
 blessings, Crowning Thee our God a - lone. Rock to ev-'ry soul most pre-cious, We will sing with joy to Thee, We will



Thee ; As we kneel in Thy loved pres - ence, Pour on us Thy bless-ing free !
 sing with joy to Thee ;



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THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

Moderato.

1. A hap - py band of chil-dren, We greet you with a song ; Our eyes are bright, our hearts are light, Tho'
 2. On Eas-ter day bring *ros-es*, Bring *gifts* on Christmas day ; But now let *song* the joy pro-long, For
 3. And here in God's own tem-ple We turn to Him to - day ; Our voic-es raise in grate-ful lays, And

REFRAIN.

Rit.
 time rolls swift a - long. *mf* Then sing, *cres.* then sing, then sing, sing hap - pi - ly!
 this is Chil-dren's Day.
 thank, and praise, and pray. Then sing, then sing, then sing,

Rit.
mf Then sing, *cres.* then sing, then sing our Ju - bi - lee !
 Then sing, then sing, then sing

- 4 We thank Him for His goodness,
 We praise Him for His grace,
 We pray that each at last may reach
 In heav'n a resting place.
- 5 Then sing, ye happy children,
 Ye children of the free ;
 Let all the land with songs resound,
 The Children's Jubilee !

TILL THE MORNING LIGHT.

9

Words by ELLEN C. WEBSTER.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. An - gels guard you till the morning light ; Let no fearful dreams distress you, But with peaceful slumber
 2. An - gels guard you till the morning light ; Let no midnight foe an - noy you, Nor the tempter's wiles de-
 3. An - gels guard you till the morning light ; Hov'ring round and ever near you, Sent from heav'n to bless and

CHORUS.

bless you, An - gels guard you till the morning light ! Till the morn - - ing, the
 coy you, An - gels guard you till the morning light !
 cheer you, An - gels guard you till the morning light ! Till the morning light ! till the morning light !

morn - ing light ! Thro' the long and dreary hours of night, Angels guard you till the morning light !
 till the morning light !

EARNEST LITTLE PILGRIMS.

Words by Miss BIRDIE BELL.

Music by ASA HULL.

Spirited.

I. { We are Je-sus' lit-tle pil-grims Trav'ling to the bet-ter land; Marching 'neath our Captain's banner,
For He bids us all be faith-ful, Tells us to be brave and true; And to fol-low in His foot-prints,

1st time. *2d time.* CHORUS.
List'ning to His sweet command;
[OMIT.....] As our jour-ney we pur-sue. We are ear-nest lit-tle pil-grims;
f

Rallentando. *Tempo.* *Rep. Cho. ad lib.*
'Neath His ban-ner on we go; Trav'ling to a land ce-les-tial, Trusting Him thro' weal or woe.

2 We must walk the narrow pathway,
And our feet must shun the broad;
For the strait one has been chosen
For the pilgrims of our God;

So we tread the earthly journey,
Trusting Him as on we go,
For He guides our falt'ring footsteps,
And He shields us from the foe.

HIDE ME, SAVIOUR.

11

Words and Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide me 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing ; When the tempest high is rag - ing,
 2. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide me, Save me from the tempter's pow'r ; Let me feel Thy sacred pres-ence
 3. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide me, Till the night of earth is past ; Till I reach that qui-et ha - ven,

CHORUS.

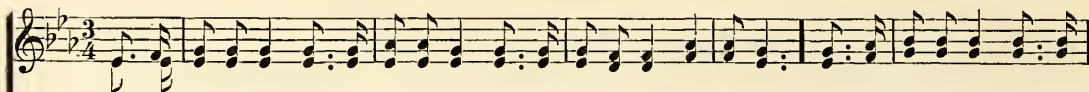
Let me there in safe-ty cling! Hide me, hide me, O my blessed Saviour,
 With me ev-'ry bless-ed hour! Hide me, O my Sav-iour, Hide me, O my Saviour, O my
 Where my soul will rest at last ! Hide me, O my Sav-iour, Hide me, O my Saviour, O my

hide me ; Hide me, hide me 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing!
 blessed Saviour, hide me ; Hide me, O my Saviour, Hide me, O my Saviour, of Thy wing !

WE ARE GOING HOME.

Words by IDA L. REED.

Music by ASA HULL.

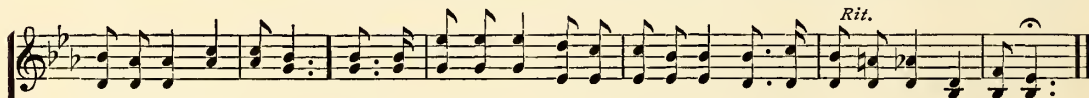
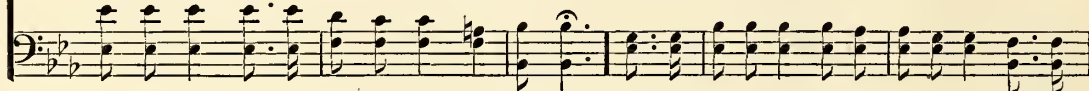


1. We are go-ing home to the land of light, To the land of light and glo-ry ; Where the smile of God is its
2. We are go-ing home to that radiant shore, Where the angel-bands are singing ; Where their songs of praise rise for
3. We are go-ing home to the land of light, To the land of song and sto-ry ; To the land of day where no

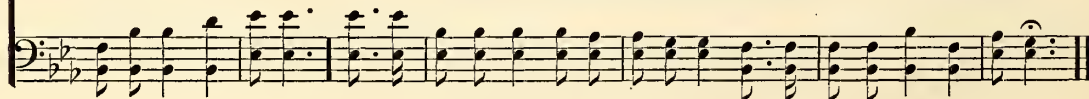


CHORUS.

sunshine bright, As we read in sa - cred sto - ry. We are go-ing home, we are go-ing home To the
 ev - er - more, O'er the vault-ed heav - ens ring-ing!
 cloud nor night Ev - er comes to dim its glo - ry!



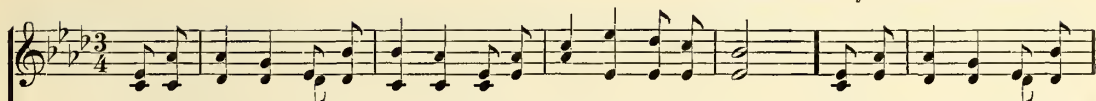
land beyond the riv-er ; Where the Lamb of God, sit-ting on the throne, Is of ev - 'ry good the Giv-er !



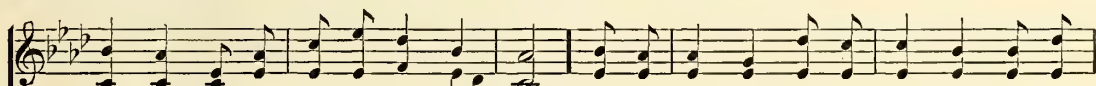
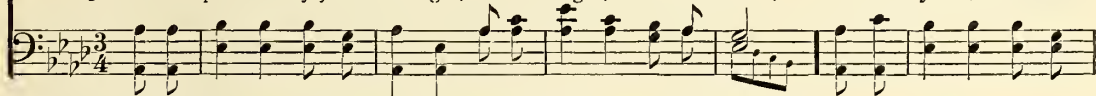
TO OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

13

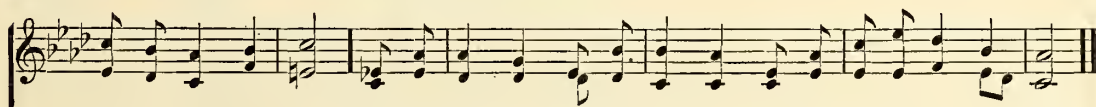
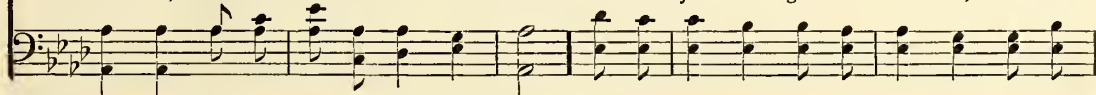
Words and Music by HARRY SANDERS.



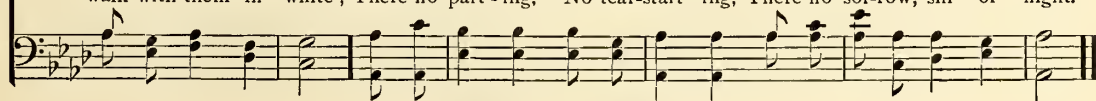
1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, we will praise Thee, Hear us while we sing our song ; Thou hast led us, Thou hast
2. Teach us how to do our du - ty, Give us wis - dom, grace and love ; We will hear Thee, Keep us
3. There in peace and joy we'll lin - ger, On that bright, e - ter - nal shore, Where with Jesus, Whose blood



fed us, Thou hast kept us all a - long. Much we owe Thee for Thy good - ness, Which we
 near Thee, Guide us to our home a - bove. Speak, O Fa - ther, we shall hear Thee, From Thy
 freed us, We shall dwell for ev - er - more. We shall join those gone be - fore us, And shall



nev - er can re - pay ; Thou hast sought us, Thou hast bought us, Thou wilt lead us on our way.
 side we ne'er will stray ; Trust Thee ev - er, Leave Thee nev - er, And with Thee in glo - ry stay.
 walk with them in white ; There no part - ing, No tear - start - ing, There no sor - row, sin or night.



MASTER, SEND ME.

Words by Miss BIRDIE BELL.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Man-y are long-ing Thy message to hear, Mes-sage of par-don, of com-fort and cheer;
 2. Man-y are wan-d'ring a-way from the fold, Lost in the wil-der-ness, drear-y and cold;

CHORUS.

May I the tid-ings so glo-ri-ous bear? Master, send me, send me! Send me!.....
 O that they knew Thy affection un-told! Master, send me, send me! Master, send me!

send me!..... Let me Thy message, so wonderful, bear; Master, send me, send me!
 Master, send me!

3 Many are trav'ling a wearisome road,
 Yet they are nearing Thy heav'nly abode;
 May I not help them to carry their load?
 Master, send me, send me!

4 Many are fainting 'neath burdens they bear,
 Many are bow'd 'neath their sorrow and care;
 May I my gladness in Thee with them share!
 Master, send me, send me!

FORSAKE ME NOT.

15

Words by IDA L. REED.

Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Forsake me not, dear Saviour, Be Thou not far from me ; And in my sorrows help me In ten-der mer-cy free !
 2. Forsake me not, dear Saviour, My soul e'er waits on Thee ; Thy hand shall guide me ever, Thy love shall comfort me !
 3. Forsake me not, dear Saviour, Thy erring, sinful child ; Grant me Thy loving favor, O Je-sus, meek and mild !

CHORUS.

O do..... not Thou for-sake me, Hide not..... Thy lov-ing face ;.....
 Do not for-sake me, Do not for-sake me, Hide not Thy loving face, Hide not Thy loving face ;

But in..... Thy wing's deep shad - ow Grant me..... a hid - ing - place.....
 in Thy wing's shadow, in its deep shad-ow Grant me a hiding-place, a hid - ing - place.

HE THAT SOWETH, SHALL REAP.

Words by M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D.D.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. He that soweth precious seed, Wat'ring it with tears, Shall a glorious harvest reap In succeeding years ;
 2. He that soweth seeds of truth Wayward hearts to gain, Trusting in the grace of God, Cannot toil in vain ;
 3. He that soweth precious seed All the liv-ing day, Scatt'ring words and deeds of love All along the way ;

Tho' in sadness on the field He the treasure leaves, With re-joicing he shall come Bringing in the sheaves !
 Tho' in sadness he may wait Long the fruits to see, Glorious thro' succeeding years Will the harvest be,
 Tho' he never here may see All that he a-chieves, Higher rapture may be his Gath'ring in the sheaves.

REFRAIN.

Bring-ing in the sheaves! Bring-ing in the sheaves! Bring-ing in the
 Bring-ing in the sheaves! Bring-ing in the sheaves! Bring-ing in the sheaves!

HE THAT SOWETH, SHALL REAP.—Concluded.

17

gold-en sheaves Shall the reap-ers come! Bring-ing in the pre-cious sheaves To the harvest home!

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the notes.

STAY WITH ME.

Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Moderato.

1. Stay with me, my Sav-iour dear, Keep Thine arms a-round me; With Thy blessed presence near,
D. S. While I live and when I die,

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 6/8 time. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

Sin can-not con-found me. Stay with me, stay with me! Bless-ed Je-sus, hear me;
I would have Thee near me.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are written below the notes.

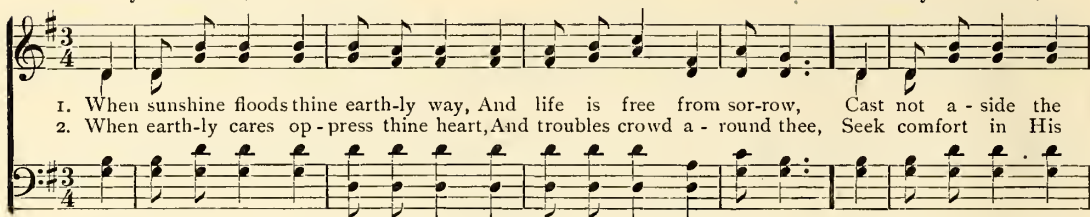
- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| 2 Life without Thy beaming face
Shall content me never ;
Death without Thy love and grace
Would be death for ever ! | 3 Let me, kneeling at Thy feet,
Plead my sins before Thee ;
While Thy mercy, love and grace,
Shed their radiance o'er me. | 4 When through death on wings I fly
To my home in glory ;
I will shout back from the sky,
Shout the old, old story ! |
|--|--|---|

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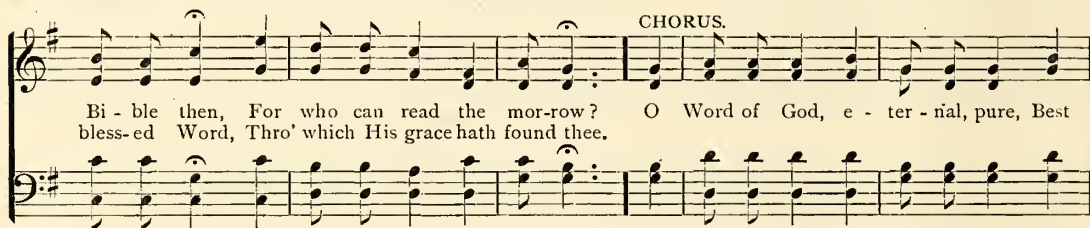
THE ETERNAL WORD.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

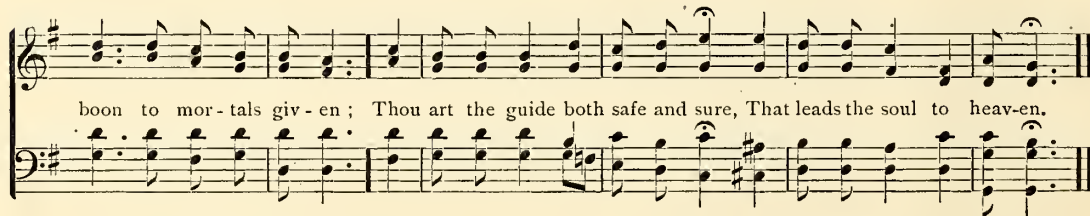
Music by ASA HULL.



1. When sunshine floods thine earth-ly way, And life is free from sor-row, Cast not a - side the
2. When earth-ly cares op - press thine heart, And troubles crowd a - round thee, Seek comfort in His



CHORUS.
Bi - ble then, For who can read the mor-row? O Word of God, e - ter - nal, pure, Best
bless-ed Word, Thro' which His grace hath found thee.



boon to mor - tals giv - en ; Thou art the guide both safe and sure, That leads the soul to heav-en.

3 Is grief the portion in thy cup?
Are tears of sorrow falling?
"Ye heavy-laden, come to Me,"
His Word is gently calling.

4 No joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
Our hearts from Him can sever;
If we hold fast unto His Word,
Which standeth sure forever!

CLINGING CLOSE TO JESUS.

19

Words by IDA L. REED.

Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Are you clinging close to Je - sus, Are you walk-ing by His side? All a - long this earth-life
 2. Are you clinging close to Je - sus, Does His love make glad the way? Are you serv-ing Him with

CHORUS.

jour-ney, Is He your best Friend and Guide? Are you cling-ing close to Je - sus, Is He ev - er,
 glad-ness, Trust-ing Him from day to day? Are you cling-ing close, clinging close to Him,

ev - er nigh? Are you cling-ing, clinging close to Him, While the days are flit-ting by?
 ev - er nigh? cling-ing close, flit-ting by?

3 He will lead and guard you ever,
 If you'll trust His promise sweet;
 And will leave you never, never,
 He will guide your way-worn feet.

4 Closely, then, cling thou to Jesus;
 In His strong, abiding love
 You will find a welcome refuge,
 And at last a home above.

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOD.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Cit - y of God! maj - es - tic, fair! Thy beau - ty is be - yond compare! Far rich - er is thy
 2. With - in thy walls are mansions bright, And spotless robes all pure and white; There golden harps ring

CHORUS.

gold - en sheen, Than fair - est forms of mor - tal's dream! Cit - y of God! home of the soul, Be -
 end - less song, Peace like a riv - er flows a - long!

mf *cres.* *mf*
 yond the surging the bil - lows' roll! When shall my eyes thy glo - ry see? Beau - ti - ful home that waits for me!
cres. *mf*
 the bil - lows' roll!

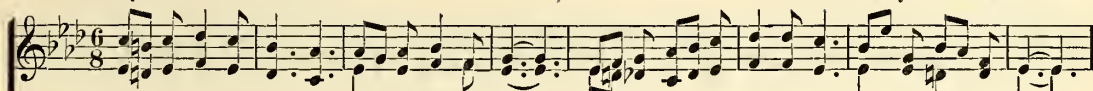
- 3 City of God! these weary feet
 Would gladly tread thy golden street;
 More thorny grows the path each day,
 And dangers countless bar the way.
- 4 My soul doth plume its wings to fly
 To thee, dear home beyond the sky!
 Where care and troubles enter not,
 And earthly sorrows are forgot.
- 5 On to the goal thro' good and ill,
 Content to know it is His will;
 Content to wait His call to rise
 To thee, dear home beyond the skies.

MANSIONS FAIR AND BRIGHT.

21

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.



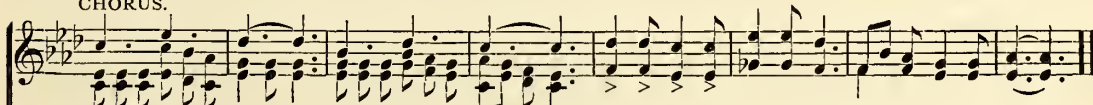
1. Aft-er rain, the sunshine ; aft-er night, the day ; Aft-er tears, returning smiles ; aft-er sighs, a lay ;
2. God Himself the sunlight, night ne'er ends the day ; Weeping there is all unknown ; songs ne'er die away ;
3. T'ward that land of wonder oft my musings turn, Not a moment of its bliss could all mer-it earn ;



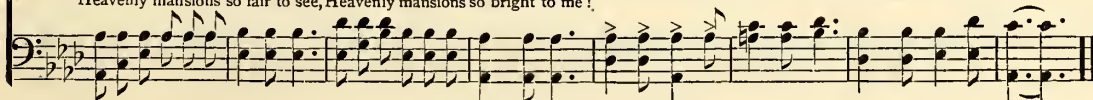
Aft-er slumber, wak-ing ; aft-er hearts that break Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs, when in heav'n they wake.
 Sleepless bliss pervad-ing thro' fair Par-a - dise, With ec-stat-ic rap-ture fills im-mor-tal eyes.
 Faith a-lone can save me, and my Lord de - clared There a man-sion glo - rious is for me pre - pared.



CHORUS.



Man - sions fair ! man - sions bright ! Hal-le - lu-jahs will we sing, when we reach Thy light.
 Heavenly mansions so fair to see, Heavenly mansions so bright to me !



OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

Words by Rev. G. A. PHOEBUS.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Hap-py were the chil-dren brought unto the Lord ; See their beaming fac-es as they hear His word ;
 2. See ! His hands up-lift-ed rest up-on their head, Ev - 'ry shade of sad-ness from their soul is fled ;
 3. Chil-dren of the kingdom, hap-py in His love, Come un-to the Sav-iour, you shall rest a - bove ;

Lo ! they're filled with gladness, bathed in heav'n's pure light, Resting in His bosom, pre - cious in His sight.
 On them rests the bless-ing by the Sav-iour giv'n, Joy - ful are the chil-dren, like to those in heav'n.
 Man-y faith - ful chil-dren glo-rious crowns have won, Humbly trust in Je - sus, and the work is done.

CHORUS.

Such are in the king-dom, and see the face of God ; Such on earth are trav'ling, heav'nward on the road ;

Such are in the kingdom, have join'd the happy throng ; Others bound for glory bright, cheer the way with song !

JESUS, THE FRIEND.

Words and Music by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1st time. *2d time.* CHORUS.

I. { Je - sus is a precious Friend, Precious Friend, precious Friend,
And His love will nev - er end, [OMIT.....] Nev - er end. Je - sus is a

Friend in-deed, A Friend indeed, a Friend indeed ; Je - sus is, yes, He is, He's the ver - y Friend you need !

2 When He left the throne above,
Throne above, throne above,
He came down our souls to love,
Us to love !

3 When He died upon the tree,
On the tree, on the tree,
'Twas for love of you and me,
You and me !

GOD'S HOLY BOOK.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

mf 1. Shade of the ev - er - last - ing Rock, Where weary pil - grims find re - pose; Dear com - fort - er that
mf 2. E - ter - nal strength in thee is found, To stand the tri - als of life's day; We come to thee with

Rit. CHORUS.
mp nev - er fails, Fragrance of Sharon's dew-y rose! O ho - ly book! O word di - vine! O
cres. hearts bow'd down, And bear a song of hope a - way. O ho - ly book! O word di - vine!

cres. pre - cious gift of match-less love! Let men and angels sing thy praise, On earth and in the courts above!
f O pre-cious gift
mf *cres.*

3 Where but in thee can mortals find
 A balm to heal the broken heart,
 And grace t' endure its heavy load
 With patience, though the tear-drops start?

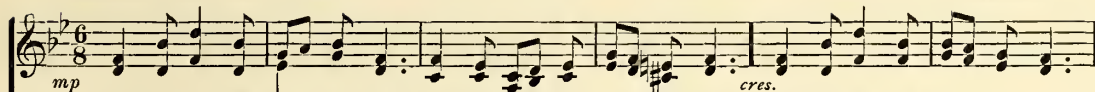
4 O thirsty souls! drink deep, drink long,
 At this pure fount, it flows for all;
 Your parched lips shall sing the song
 Of wisdom, and her God extol.

JOYOUS CHILDREN'S DAY.

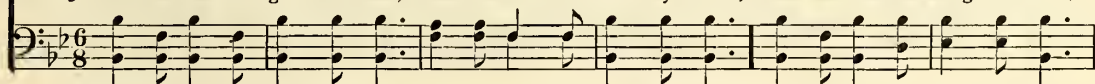
25

Words by HARRIET E. JONES.

Music by W. L. MASON.



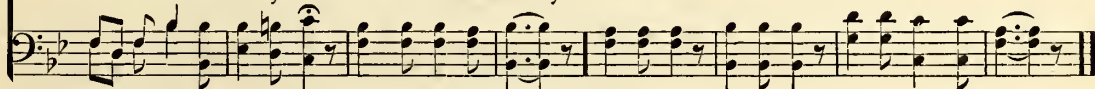
1. From their bed the grass-es spring, Round the rock the i - vies cling ; On the boughs the birdlings sing,
2. Com-ing from the ver - dant hill, Is the lit - tle sing - ing rill ; Charming us with ten - der trill,
3. While the summer grass-es shine, While the i - vies fond - ly twine, While the birds on bough and vine,



All a - long the way ! Old and young their trib-utes bring To the tem - ple of our King !
 Sweet - ly sooth-ing lay ! While the beauteous flow'rs so still, Breathing forth at their sweet will
 Chant their an - them gay ; Let us one and all re - joice—Join in praise with heart and voice,



While the bells the tidings ring ; This is Children's Day ! Happy day ! joyous day ! Joyous Children's Day !
 Fragrance, all the air to fill On our Children's Day !
 Un - to Him our early choice On this Children's Day !



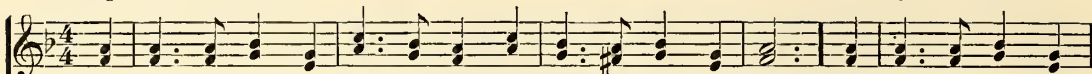
D. s. Day of days, our Lord to praise ! Joyous Children's Day !

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KNOCKING AND PLEADING.

Arranged from "Good Words."

Music by I. N. McHOSE.

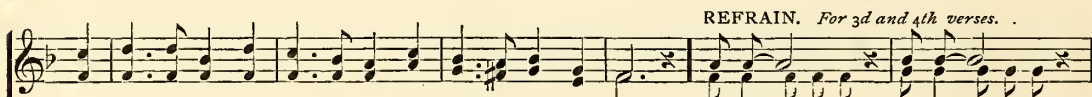


1. He stand-eth knock-ing at the door, O Lord, how long, how long? Weep-ing, His pa-tience
 2. He stand-eth knock-ing, knocking loud! Yes, for the tim-bers creak; East-ward there low'rs an
 3. He stand-eth knock-ing, knocking faint! Blest Sav-iour, leave me not; But let me tell Thee
 4. Lord, draw these bars, my hand is weak; The night is cold and chill; O en-ter Thou till



I a-dore—And yet the bars are strong. He standeth knocking, knocking still, His pleading voice I hear;
 an-gry cloud, Dear Saviour, hear me speak. He standeth knocking, knocking oft, The day of grace wears on;
 my complaint; The mis-ry of my lot. He standeth knocking, knocking still, Lord, help me in my doubt;
 morning-streak With light my soul doth fill. O bide not in the drenching rain, I welcome Thee the more;

REFRAIN. *For 3d and 4th verses.*



The mists are roll-ing from the hill, The fourth slow watch is here. Knock-ing! knock-ing!
 The chid-ing Spir-it whispers soft, "Perchance He may be gone."
 Must I put forth this fee-ble will To draw Thee from without?
 My strength against these bars is vain, Come, help me ope the door! yes, knocking! yes, knocking!

KNOCKING AND PLEADING—Concluded.

27

Knock-ing at the bolt-ed door! Plead-ing, yes, I hear Thy voice: Come in for ev-er-more!

This musical score is for the song 'Knocking and Pleading'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Words by SAMUEL MEDLEY.

JESUS DIED FOR YOU.

Music by S. J. VAILL.

1. O, what a-maz-ing words of grace Are in the gos-pel found! Suit-ed to ev-'ry
2. Poor, sin-ful, thirst-y, faint-ing souls, Are free-ly wel-come here; Sal-va-tion like a
3. Come, then, with all your wants and wounds; Your ev'ry bur-den bring; Here love, un-chang-ing

D. C. Yes, Je-sus died for all mankind; Bless God, He died for me.

This musical score is for the song 'Jesus Died for You'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The word 'Fine.' is written above the final measure of the treble staff.

CHORUS.

sin-ner's case Who knows the joy-ful sound. Je-sus died for you, Je-sus died for me;
riv-er rolls, A-bundant, free, and clear.
love a-bounds,—A deep, ce-les-tial spring.

D. C.

This musical score is for the chorus of 'Jesus Died for You'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The word 'D. C.' is written above the final measure of the treble staff.

IN THE MORNING.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.*

1. From the woods, and fields, and bow-ers, In the morning's ho-ly calm,... Min-gled with the
 2. We are chil-dren in the morn-ing Of our earth-ly day be-low;... What the day be-
 3. Though the day proves bright or cloud-y, Though the night comes soon or late,... Morn-ing gives us
 INST.

QUARTETTE. CHORUS.

breath of flow-ers, Ris-eth na-ture's sweet-est psalm. *mf* O, the morn-ing! ros-y morn-ing!
 yond a-wait-ing, Holds for us we can-not know.
 strength to meet it, And on Him to calm-ly wait.

cres. *Rit.* *Tempo.* *Rit.*

Brightest hour of all the day; *mf* Type of life's en-chant-ing dawn-ing, That so quick-ly flies a-way!

4 May we drink the dew of wisdom,
 Grow in grace, in faith and love;
 Keep our faces like the flowers,
 Turned unto the Light above.

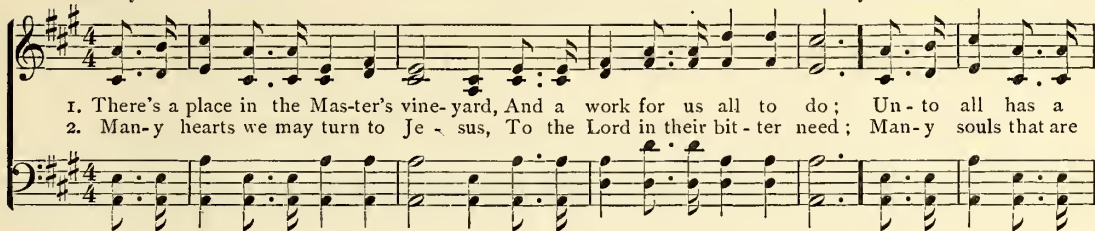
5 Then, when breaks another morning,
 Brighter, fairer, by-and-bye,
 We may like immortal flowers,
 Bloom in beauty ne'er to die.

THERE IS WORK IN HIS VINEYARD.

29

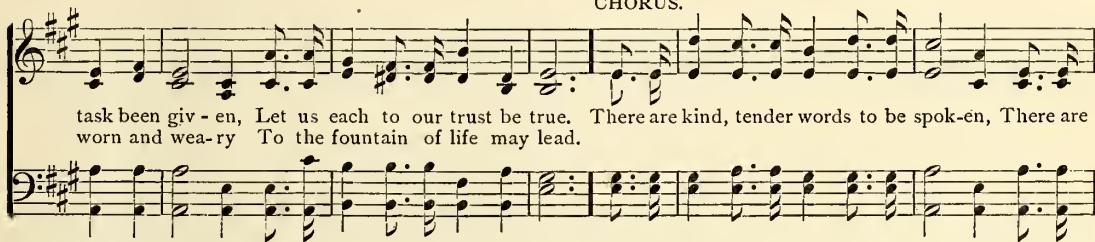
Words by IDA L. REED.

Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

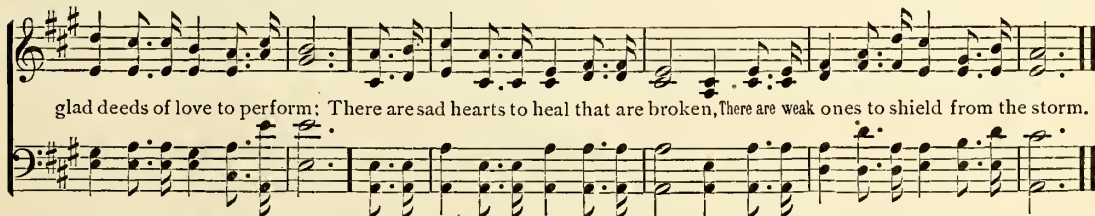


1. There's a place in the Mas-ter's vine-yard, And a work for us all to do; Un-to all has a
2. Man-y hearts we may turn to Je - sus, To the Lord in their bit - ter need; Man-y souls that are

CHORUS.



task been giv - en, Let us each to our trust be true. There are kind, tender words to be spok-en, There are
worn and wea-ry To the fountain of life may lead.



glad deeds of love to perform; There are sad hearts to heal that are broken, There are weak ones to shield from the storm.

3 Let us work with our might for Jesus,
For the kingdom of heaven fair;
We will win back the souls now straying,
And will help them to enter there.

4 To our trust we'll be faithful ever,
Till the sands of our life are run;
Then will Christ to His faithful servants,
At His glad coming, say, "Well done!"

THE LAMBS OF HIS FOLD.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. The world is so great, and so lit - tle am I, I won - der if Je - sus, in heav - en so high,
 2. And when I kneel down at the close of the day, And un - to the Sav - iour of all the world pray,
 3. O, then if He sees me by night and by day, Knows all that I think, and hears all that I say,

mf Can look down and see me, by night and by day, See me when I'm sleeping, and when I'm at play.
 O, can He then hear me when I whis - per low? For I am so lit - tle and far off, you know.
 I'll pray Him to bless me now just as I am, And keep me for - ev - er His own lit - tle lamb.

cres. *Rit.* *Fine.*

D. S.—chil - dren to Him are more precious than gold, There's al - ways a place for the lambs in His fold.

CHORUS.

f O yes! the dear Je - sus can see us all well, His love is far great - er then teach - er can tell; The

f *D. S.*

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

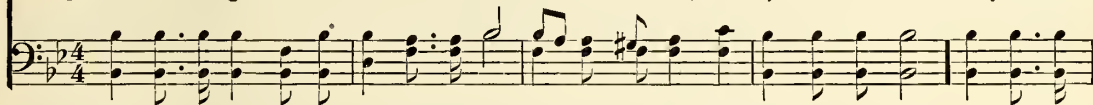
31

Words by Dr. H. BONAR.

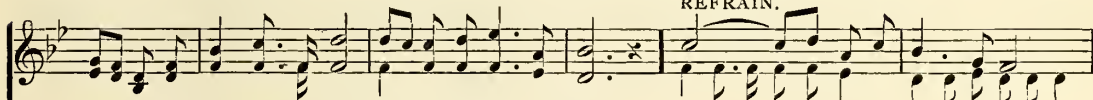
Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. When I a - wake in the sweet morn of morns, Aft-er whose dawning night ne'er re- turns, And with whose
2. When I shall meet with the ones I have loved, Clasp in my arms the long, long re- moved, And find how
3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him, Who for me died, with eye no more dim, And praise Him



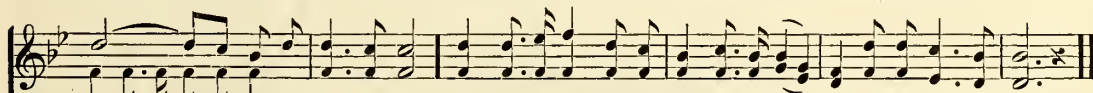
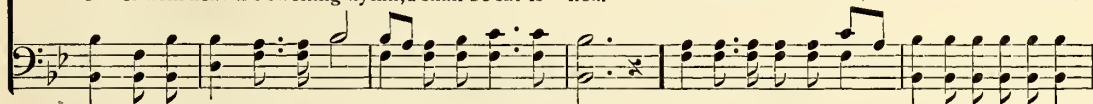
REFRAIN.



glo - ry the day ev - er burns, I shall be sat - is - fied.
 faithful my Lord then has proved, I shall be sat - is - fied.
 ev - er with heav'n's swelling hymn, I shall be sat-is - fied.

I..... shall be sat - is - fied,

I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat-is - fied,



I..... shall be sat - is - fied; When I a-wake in His likeness at last, I shall be sat - is - fied.
 I shall be sat - is - fied,



IN THE MASTER'S NAME.

Words by E. RINEHART.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. 'Twas on - ly a cup of cold wa - ter In the name of the Mas - ter giv'n; But it
 2. 'Twas on - ly a tear that was shin - ing In the pit - y - ing eye of love; But it

cheered a soul that was faint - ing On the way to his home in heav'n. Then go in the name of
 saved a per - ish - ing wan - d'r'er For the Father's bright home a - bove.

Je - sus, With zeal to do and dare; For how can you call Him Master, Who nev - er a bur - den bear?

3 'Twas only a lamp that was burning,
 With a calm and unfailing light;
 But it saved a ship from the breakers,
 In a fearfully stormy night!

4 'Tis he that converteth a sinner,
 From the error of his dark way,
 That shall shine like stars in the heavens,
 Through a bright and eternal day!

HOSANNAS FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

33

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. Time the circ - ling sea - sons wing-ing, Brought the Children's Day a - round ; To our tem-ples
 2. Day, when chil-dren's prais-es ris - ing, Mount a - bove the blue-arched sky, In ex - pres-sion

CHORUS.

come we sing - ing, Glad Ho - san - nas loud re - sound. So with glad Ho - san - nas shout - ing,
 new de - vis - ing To ex - tol their Lord on high.

God's rich graces we'll re - pay ; And we know with-out all doubt-ing, He delights in Children's Day.

3 Thee we hail with glad devotion,
 Day for children set apart ;
 And we send o'er land and ocean
 Tidings glad from heart to heart.

4 On our day good-will prevailing,
 Urges us to noble deed ;
 And when youthful days are failing,
 Flow'rs will bloom from early seed.

WITHIN THE GATES.

Words by IDA L. REED.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. There is a cit - y o - ver there, Be - yond earth's toil and pain, With-in whose shin-ing
 2. The way may hard and toil - some be, But then 'twill not be long Ere we shall pass with-
 3. This thought will sweeten all our care, That we shall meet a - gain With-in the cit - y's

CHORUS.

gates, dear friend, We'll some day meet a - gain. O cit - y fair! O cit - y bright! With-
 in the gates, And join the an - gels' song.
 gates so fair, Be - yond earth's toil and pain.

in thy gates we'll meet!... With-in thy gates some day shall stand Our wea-ry, toil-worn feet!
 we'll meet!

O'ER THE HILLTOP.

35

Words by FRED. WOODROW.

Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O'er the hill - top see it shin-ing, Promise of the day to be, When the King of kings de-
 2. Thrones and kingdoms, seas and o-ceans, From His presence flee a - way; Sin and death shall quail be-
 3. They who love, and they who hate Him, Friend and foe be-fore Him stand; Life di - vine and death e-

scend-ing, Man at last his Judge shall see; An - gel trump, thro' space re - sound-ing, Quick and
 fore Him On the dread and fi - nal day. Time be - fore His face ex - pir - ing, Knows no
 ter - nal As He lifts His might-y hand. O my soul, pre - pare to meet Him, Ere the

dead a - like shall wake, And in vast and wild com-mo-tion Earth it - self shall reel and quake.
 more of chang-ing years, Sweeps the wide, e - ter - nal cir - cle O - ver man and crumbling spheres.
 trump of doom shall ring, Safe in His di - vine com-pas-sion, Hail, O hail the com-ing King!

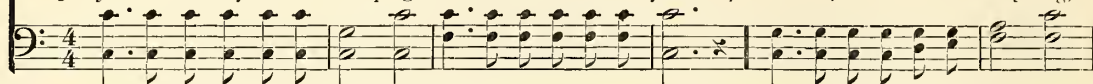
PEACE, BE STILL!

Words by W. W. BAILEY.

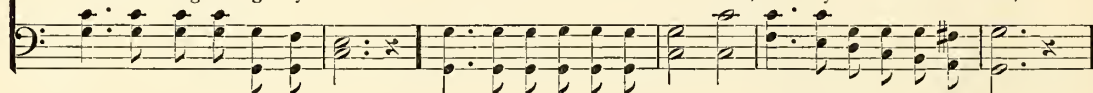
Music by I. N. McHOSE.



1. Once up-on the heaving o - cean Rode a bark at ev-en-tide ; While the waves in wild commo-tion
 2. While the storm was fiercely rag-ing, Fearful ones awoke the Lord ; He, the pow'r of heav'n engag-ing,
 3. Je - sus knows your silent weeping, When before His throne you bow ; Nev - er, nev - er is He sleep-ing,



Dashed a-against the vessel's side. Je - sus, sleeping on a pil - low, While the winds were fierce abroad,
 Calmed the tempest with His word. On life's dark and restless o - cean, Trembling soul, thy Lord is near ;
 Where He reigns in glo-ry now. If the world be dark be-fore thee, All thy soul with terror fill,



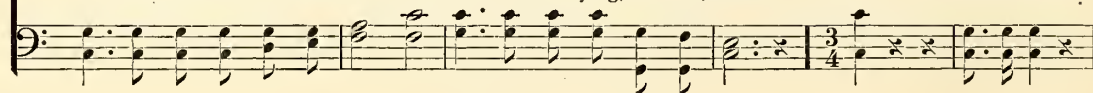
CHORUS—Only after third verse.



Heed-ed not the rag-ing bil-low ; Calm-ly slept the Son of God.
 'Mid the bil-low's wild com-mo-tion He will make thee still His care.
 If the darksome waves o'erwhelm thee, Hear Him saying, "Peace, be still!"

"Peace, be still!"

Peace, "Peace, be still!"



PEACE, BE STILL!—Concluded.

37

Rit. *Rep. pp ad lib.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on a single staff with a bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music begins with a vocal line: "Peace, be still!" followed by piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with "Tho' the waves dash fiercely o'er thee, Hear Him saying, 'Peace, be still!'" and ends with "Peace, be still!". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand.

"Peace, be still!" Tho' the waves dash fiercely o'er thee, Hear Him saying, "Peace, be still!" "Peace, be still!"

TRUSTING.

Words by Rev. WM. McDONALD.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on a single staff with a bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a vocal line: "I. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full salvation find." followed by piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with "CHO. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy Cross I bow; Save me, Jesus, save me now." and ends with a final chord. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand.

I. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full salvation find.
CHO. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy Cross I bow; Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine—for evermore.

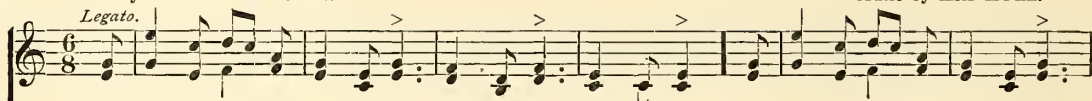
4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am very whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

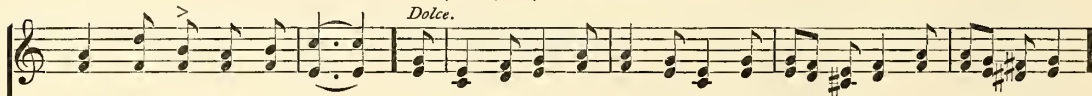
PRAISE HIS NAME.

Words by HARRIET E. JONES.

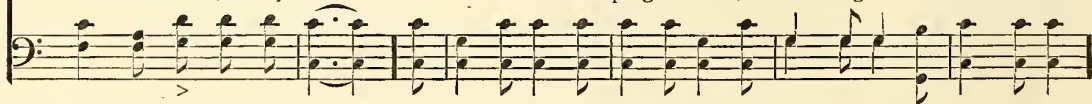
Music by ASA HULL.

Legato.

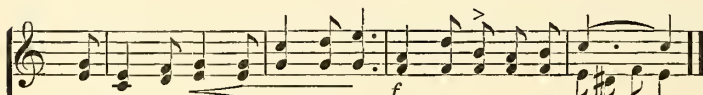
1. The dear Re-deem-er came to win—Praise His name, O my soul! He came to cleanse the heart from sin—
 2. The dear Re-deem-er came to cheer—Praise His name, O my soul! To bless us while we journey here—
 3. The dear Re-deem-er came to lead—Praise His name, O my soul! He came the hun-gry soul to feed—

*Dolce.*

Praise His name, O my soul! He came to gath-er to His fold, From off the mountains bare and cold,
 Praise His name, O my soul! He came our ev-'ry grief to share, And give us grace the cross to bear,
 Praise His name, O my soul! To lead and feed His pil-grim band, While toiling thro' the low-er land,



4.



The souls more precious far than gold—*f* Praise His name, O my soul!
 That we at last a crown might wear—Praise His name, O my soul!
 Till safe at home at His right hand—Praise His name, O my soul!



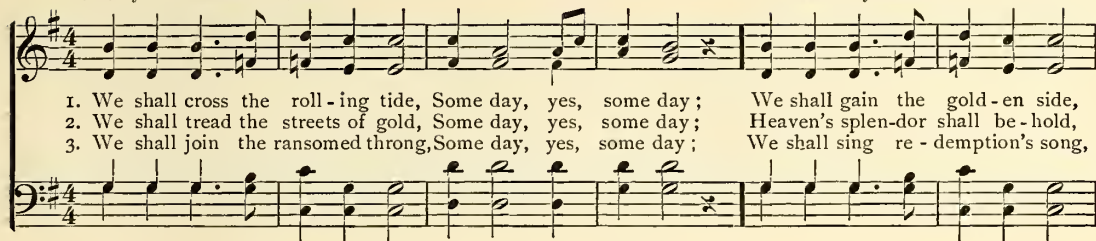
I'll praise Him while I tarry here—
 Praise His name, O my soul!
 I'll praise Him where the skies are clear—
 Praise His name, O my soul!
 I'll praise the Lord, who saves my soul,
 Who makes the wounded sinner whole;
 Yes, praise Him while the ages roll—
 Praise the Lord, O my soul!

SOME DAY, YES, SOME DAY.

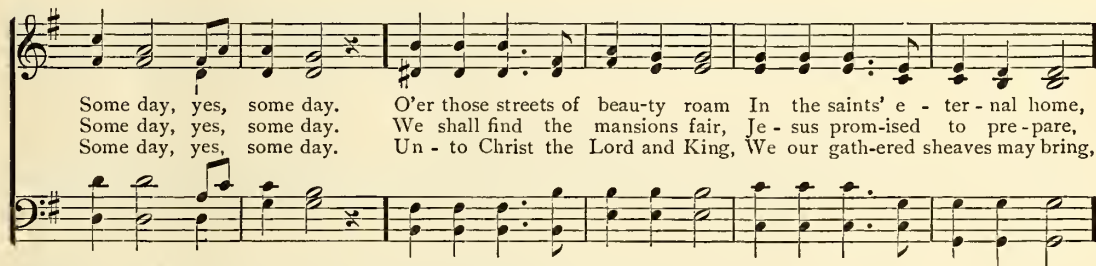
39

Words by HARRIET E. JONES.

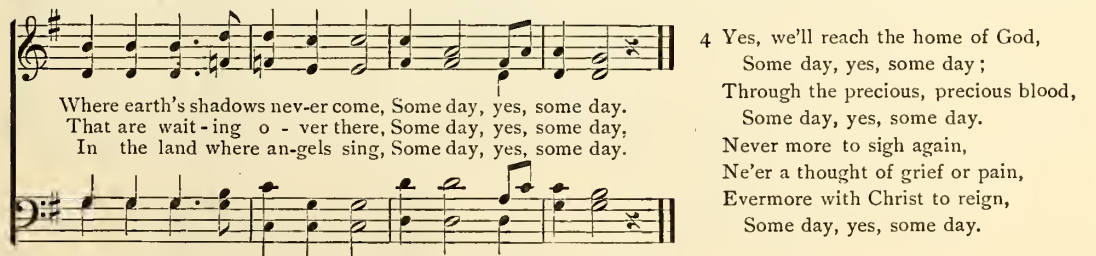
Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. We shall cross the roll-ing tide, Some day, yes, some day ; We shall gain the gold-en side,
 2. We shall tread the streets of gold, Some day, yes, some day ; Heaven's splen-dor shall be-hold,
 3. We shall join the ransomed throng, Some day, yes, some day ; We shall sing re-demption's song,



Some day, yes, some day. O'er those streets of beau-ty roam In the saints' e-ter-nal home,
 Some day, yes, some day. We shall find the mansions fair, Je-sus prom-ised to pre-pare,
 Some day, yes, some day. Un-to Christ the Lord and King, We our gath-ered sheaves may bring,



4 Yes, we'll reach the home of God,
 Some day, yes, some day ;
 Through the precious, precious blood,
 Some day, yes, some day.
 Never more to sigh again,
 Ne'er a thought of grief or pain,
 Evermore with Christ to reign,
 Some day, yes, some day.

WAITING FOR THE BLESSING.

Words by HARRIET E. JONES.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Friend of sin - ners, take, O take me! Speak the word that sets me free! I am wait - ing,
 2. Friend of sin - ners! Thou hast promised Grace to those of con - trite heart; While I come my

CHORUS.
 hum - bly wait - ing, For some mer - cy drops from Thee! I am wait - ing for Thy com - ing,
 sins con - fess - ing, Gra - cious - ly Thy love im - part!

Speak the word that sets me free! I am wait - ing, hum - bly waiting, Let Thy mer - cy fall on me!

3 Friend of sinners! Thy disciple,
 Now and ever, I would be;
 Always busy in Thy vineyard,
 Winning many souls for Thee!

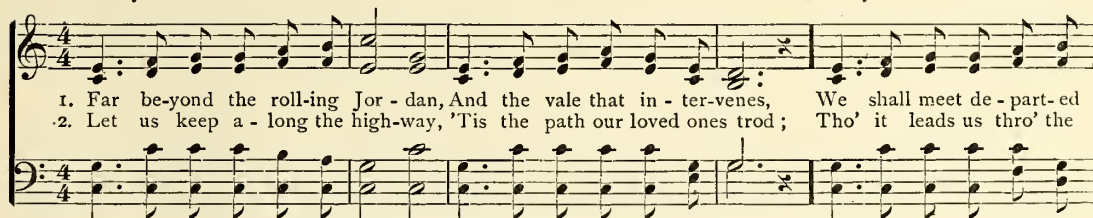
4 Friend of sinners! send the blessing!
 Let Thy Spirit in me shine!
 Fit me for Thy blessed service,
 With a heart entirely Thine!

BEYOND THE ROLLING JORDAN.

41

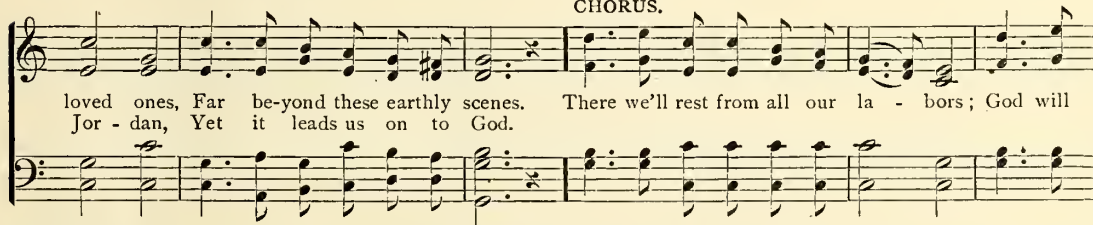
Words by W. C. HAFLEY.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

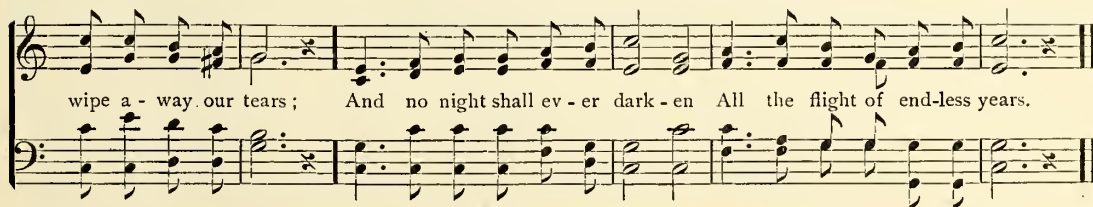


1. Far be-yond the roll-ing Jor-dan, And the vale that in-ter-venes, We shall meet de-part-ed
2. Let us keep a-long the high-way, 'Tis the path our loved ones trod; Tho' it leads us thro' the

CHORUS.



loved ones, Far be-yond these earthly scenes. There we'll rest from all our la-bors; God will
Jor-dan, Yet it leads us on to God.



wipe a-way our tears; And no night shall ev-er dark-en All the flight of end-less years.

3 Courage, pilgrim, in the desert,
See! yon bright, eternal plain!
List, there's music! there are loved ones
Singing you their glad refrain.

4 Falter not at Jordan's waters,
Friends have crossed its swelling tide;
And the Lord of hosts will bear thee
Safely to the other side.

THERE'S LIGHT AHEAD.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. No night so dark but thro' its gloom, The morn-ing sun-beams break ; And night to glad-some
 2. Tho' o'er the soul the shad-ows glide, And spread their dark'ning wings ; The griev-ous hours will
 3. The Rul-er of the night and day, Our Fa-ther, nev-er sleeps ; And star-ry heav'n's His
 4. Soon will the shad-ows hur-ried fly, And mournful hearts re-joice ; See now the day-star

CHORUS.

day gives room, And light and joy a-wake. There's light a-head, There's light a-head,
 not a-bide, The morning comfort brings.
 pow'r display, When night her vig-il keeps.
 in the sky, Hear nature's mat-in voice.

There's light a-head,

There's light a-head,

With trust look for its dawn, With trust look for its dawn ; The blushing clouds. are
 The blush-ing clouds

THERE'S LIGHT AHEAD—Concluded.

43

glow-ing red,..... With joy to meet the morn, With joy to meet the morn.
are glow-ing red,

HE IS CALLING.

Words by FREDERICK FABER.

Arranged by ASA HULL.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mercy, Like the wide-ness of the sea ; There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice,
2. For the love of God is broader, Than the meas-ure of man's mind ; And the heart of the E - ter - nal

REFRAIN.

Which is more than lib - er - ty. He is call - ing, " Come to Me ; " Lord, I glad - ly haste to Thee.
Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.

- 3 But to make His love too narrow, By false limits, we are prone ; And we magnify His strictness With a zeal He will not own.
- 4 If our hearts were more confiding, We could take Him at His word, And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.
- 5 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus ; Come, but come not doubting thus ; Come with faith that trusts more freely, His great tenderness for us.

STEP BY STEP.

Words by LANTA WILSON SMITH.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Step by step we're march-ing on-ward O - ver child-hood's hap - py way, Till we reach the
 2. Step by step in paths of dan-ger Sa - tan strives to lead us on, Till the once pure
 3. Step by step mark out your pathway Near-er heav - en ev - 'ry year; With our bless - ed

joys and du - ties Of our life's ma - tur - er day. As we're striv - ing in life's jour-ney,
 life is blight - ed, Vir - tue, truth and love are gone. Step by step! Be ev - er watch-ful,
 Guide be - fore us, What has an - y one to fear? Step by step thro' paths of du - ty,

Ev-'ry thought and word and deed
 Shun the first ap-proach to sin,
 Thro' a dark or sun-ny way,
 Step by step will reach comple-tion, Shall we not the les - son heed?
 Lest temp-ta-tions fierce o'erwhelm you, Demons thus their victims win.
 Loy - al, brave, un-daunt-ed ev - er, Step by step to per-fect day.

STEP BY STEP—Concluded.

45

CHORUS.

Step by step,..... step by step,..... Step by step we're march-ing on - ward,
 Step by step, step by step,

Shunning paths that lead a - stray : Loy-al, brave, un-daunted ev-er, Step by step to perfect day !

Words by HARRIET AUBER.

HEBER.

Music by GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. With stately tow'rs and bulwarks strong, Unrivall'd and alone, Lov'd theme of many a sacred song, God's holy city shone.

- 2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat, 3 The faithful of each clime and age 4 Fear not ; tho' hostile bands alarm,
 The glory of all lands ; This glorious Church compose ; Thy God is thy defence ;
 Yet fairer, and in strength complete, Built on a Rock, with idle rage And weak and powerless every arm
 The Christian temple stands, The threat'ning tempest blows, Against Omnipotence.

JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

Words by J. G. ROBINSON.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Je - sus is com - ing in glo - ry a - gain, So saith the Bi - ble, and so we be - lieve ;
 2. Com - ing! no more as the Babe in the stall ; Com - ing! no more shall the thorns pierce His brow ;
 3. Com - ing! no more to be jeered by the vile ; Com - ing! no more as the "Sor - row - ful One ;"
 4. Com - ing! now join us in rap - tur - ous song ; Shout hal - le - lu - jah in tri - umph we may ;

Hear it, ye suf - fer - ing chil - dren of men, Com - ing that we in His glo - ry may live.
 Com - ing in tri - umph the Sav - iour of all, Com - ing in glo - ri - ous maj - es - ty now.
 Com - ing! His face to His friends wears a smile ; Com - ing! His face to His foes wears a frown.
 Com - ing! let an - gels the an - them pro - long ; Je - sus is com - ing, all hail the glad day !

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain, Coming in glo - ry to reign ;
 Com - ing in glo - ry to reign ; Je - sus is com - ing a - gain,

JESUS IS COMING AGAIN—Concluded.

47

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain! Je - sus is com - ing a - gain, Com - ing in glo - ry to reign!

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain, Com - ing in glo - ry to reign! JE - SUS IS COM - ING A - GAIN.

Words by A. L. BARBAULD.

HORTON.

Music by VON WARTENSEE.

1. Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, I will guide you to your home ;
Come, and make my paths your choice ; Weary pilgrims, hither come.

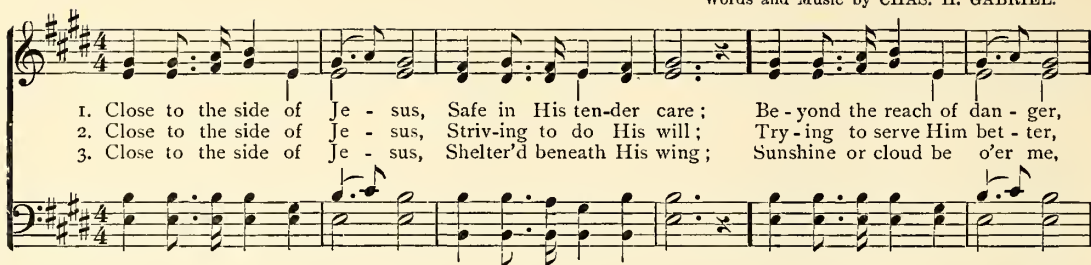
2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wand'rer, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain,
Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,—

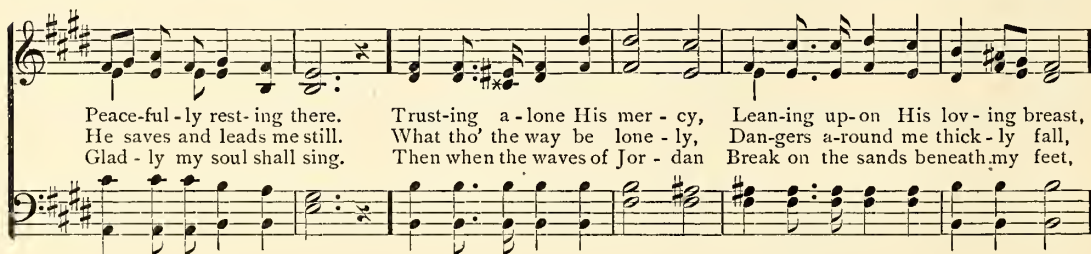
4 Hither come ; for here is found
Balm for ev'ry bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

CLOSE TO JESUS.

Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

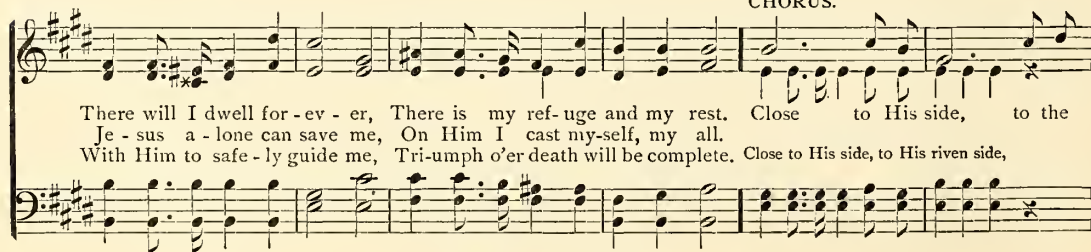


1. Close to the side of Je - sus, Safe in His ten - der care ; Be - yond the reach of dan - ger,
 2. Close to the side of Je - sus, Striv - ing to do His will ; Try - ing to serve Him bet - ter,
 3. Close to the side of Je - sus, Shelter'd beneath His wing ; Sunshine or cloud be o'er me,



Peace-ful - ly rest - ing there. Trust - ing a - lone His mer - cy, Lean - ing up - on His lov - ing breast,
 He saves and leads me still. What tho' the way be lone - ly, Dan - gers a - round me thick - ly fall,
 Glad - ly my soul shall sing. Then when the waves of Jor - dan Break on the sands beneath my feet,

CHORUS.



There will I dwell for - ev - er, There is my ref - uge and my rest. Close to His side, to the
 Je - sus a - lone can save me, On Him I cast my - self, my all.
 With Him to safe - ly guide me, Tri - umph o'er death will be complete. Close to His side, to His riven side,

CLOSE TO JESUS—Concluded.

49

Sav - - iour's side !... Close to the Lamb.. that bled and died !...
 Close to the lov - ing Saviour's side ! Close to the Lamb, to the bleeding Lamb, Close to the Lamb that bled and died !

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

WE MAY BE HAPPY.

Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We may be always hap - py, If we but love the Lord ; He with His love will bless us, If we trust His word.
 2. We may be more like Jesus, More of His image bear ; More of His zeal for sin - ners, More His spirit share.
 3. God, who is pure and ho - ly, Knows ev'ry humble heart ; And to the meek and low - ly Will His grace impart.

Faith - ful - ly ev - ry prom - ise He will to us ful - fil ; We may be always hap - py If we do His will.
 For by His love He calls us, Calls us to grow in grace, Till in the realms of glo - ry We shall see His face.
 When we are weak He strengthens, Gives us the victory, And leads us up to heav - en, There His joy to see.

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CALL THE ROLL.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. In these days when truth and er - ror Bat - tle fierce - ly for the soul, We should show our
 2. In these days none can be neu - tral, Each will yield to some con - trol! Zi - on needs to

CHORUS.

col - ors plain - ly; Form in line, and call the roll! Who are in God's might - y ar - my?
 know her sol - diers, Halt the ranks, and call the roll!

Rit. *Tempo.* *Rall.*
f Call the roll! call the roll! Sound the sig - nal! form in column! Call the roll! call the roll!
 the roll! call the roll!

3 Sound the bugle, for the Master
 Summons ev'ry faithful soul!
 Mighty is the coming conflict,
 Ere it opens, call the roll!

4 On the march some souls have fallen,
 And have crossed beyond the goal;
 Some were faithless and deserted;
 Who are left? now call the roll!

5 Promptly answer to the roll-call,
 Ye His faithful soldiers all;
 Underneath His conquering banner,
 Rally now and call the roll!

CHRIST, THE BURDEN-BEARER.

51

Words by Rev. J. C. STARR.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

mf

1. O, the bless-ed prom-ise giv-en, On the hills of Gal-i-lee, To the wea-ry
 2. Laz'-rus lies un-fed and faint-ing, Pet-er sinks be-neath the wave; Lov-ing Ma-ry
 3. On the cloud His rain-bow glit-ters, Shines the star of faith a-bove; God will not for-

mf

heav-y-la-den, Still is made to you and me; Many a heart has thrilled to hear it,
 lin-gers sad-ly, Near the Sav-iour's guard-ed grave; Blind Bar-ti-meus, by the way-side,
 sake nor leave us, We will trust His truth and love; And be-yond the dark-some riv-er,

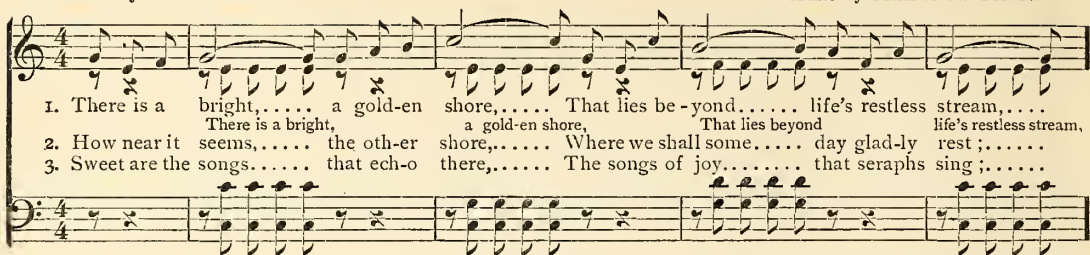
f *mf*

Many a tear been wiped a-way; Many a load of sin been lift-ed, Many a mid-night turned to day.
 Begs his bread dis-con-so-late; For the mov-ing of the wa-ters, At the pool the suf-fering wait.
 We shall bless His ho-ly name; He to bear our sins and sor-rows, Christ, the bur-den-bear-er, came.

THE OTHER SHORE.

Words by IDA L. REED.

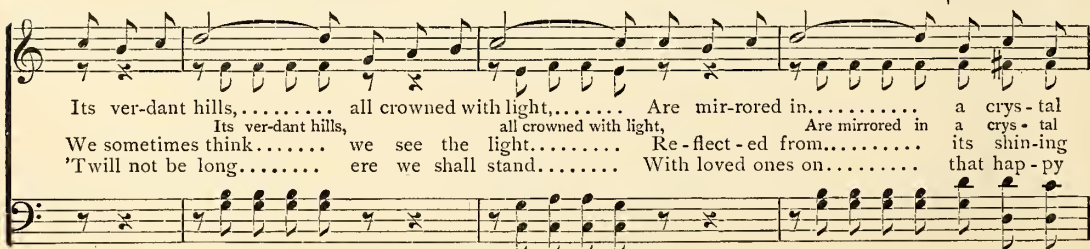
Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. There is a bright,..... a gold-en shore,..... That lies be-yond..... life's restless stream,....
 There is a bright, a gold-en shore, That lies beyond life's restless stream,
 2. How near it seems,..... the oth-er shore,..... Where we shall some..... day glad-ly rest ;.....
 3. Sweet are the songs..... that ech-o there,..... The songs of joy..... that seraphs sing ;.....



Where twilight shades..... shall come no more,..... To dim the sun-light's gold-en beam...
 Where twilight shades shall come no more
 Where grief and care..... shall come no more..... A-mong those hills and val-leys blest...
 From out the fade - - - less hills so fair..... Sometimes we seem to catch the strain..



Its ver-dant hills,..... all crowned with light,..... Are mir-rored in..... a crys-tal
 Its ver-dant hills, all crowned with light, Are mirrored in a crys-tal
 We sometimes think..... we see the light..... Re-lect-ed from..... its shin-ing
 'Twill not be long..... ere we shall stand..... With loved ones on..... that hap-py

sea, Whose rippling waves, so clear and bright, Keep time to their sweet mel-o-dy!
 sea, a crystal sea, Whose rippling waves, so clear and bright,
 strand, And fain would stem life's surging tide. To reach that fair, unshadowed land. . .
 shore; Up-on that bliss - - ful, gold-en strand. We'll rest in peace for ev-er - more! . .

Words by TOPLADY.

ROCK OF AGES.

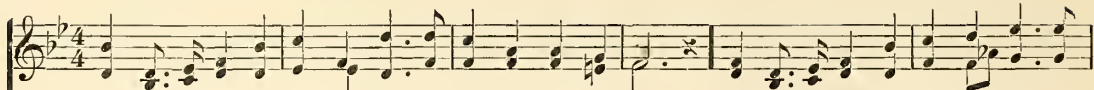
Music by Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the
 2. Could my tears for ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know, These for sin could not a-
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds un-
 blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
 tone: Thou must save, and Thou a-lone: In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling,
 known, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

CROWN HIM FOREVER.

Words by M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D.D.

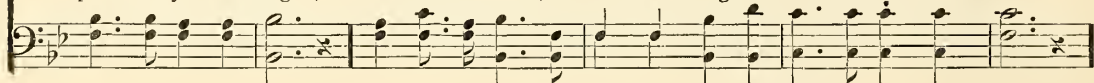
Music by ASA HULL.



1. Crown Him fore-er King of kings, Ye ransomed host a - bove, Ye saints, who stand before the throne In
 2. Crown Him fore-er King of kings, Who in the man-ger laid, Who bore the sinner's load of guilt, And
 3. Crown Him fore-er King of kings, Enthroned above in light; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem With



won - der and in love; As on the crys - tal pave-ment bright Before His throne ye fall,
 all his ran-som paid; Who wore the cru - el crown of thorns In Pi - late's judg-ment - hall;
 peer-less jew-els bright; Ye ransomed ones, with sweet-est song Be - fore His foot - stool fall,



REFRAIN.



Crown Him for-ev-er King of kings! O, crown Him Lord of all! Crown Him, crown Him!
 Crown Him for-ev-er King of kings! O, crown Him Lord of all!
 Crown Him for-ev-er King of kings! O, crown Him Lord of all! Crown Him fore-er! Crown Him fore-er!



CROWN HIM FOREVER—Concluded.

55

Slow.

Crown Him for-ev-er Lord of all! Crown Him, crown Him! Crown Him for-ev-er Lord of all!

The musical score is written for a piano, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The tempo is marked 'Slow.'.

LAND OF PROMISE.

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

I. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints in-mor - tal reign ; }
 { In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain ; } There ev - er - last - ing
 2. { Sweet fields, be-yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green ; }
 { So, to the Jews, old Ca - naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be - tween : } But tim -'rous mor - tals

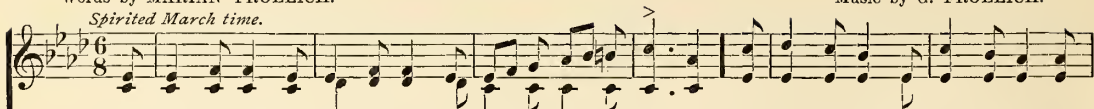
spring a-bides, And nev-er with'ring flow'rs ; Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'nly land from ours.
 start, and shrink To cross this nar-row sea, And lin-ger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.

The musical score is written for a piano, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The tempo is not explicitly marked, but the style is a simple, hymn-like melody.

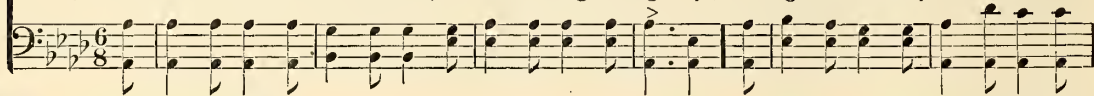
THE ARMOR OF GOD.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

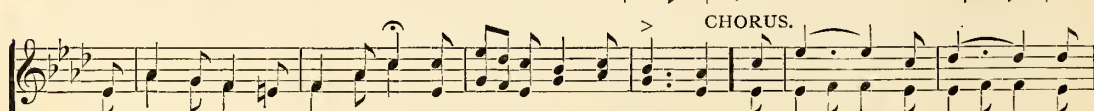
Music by G. FROELICH.

Spirited March time.

1. We'll take the ar-mor of our God, While marching on to glo-ry ; Withstand the evil's mighty horde, We're
2. On breastplate righteousness of heart, While marching on to glo-ry, Re-coils our foe's most fiery dart, We're
3. Sal - va-tion's hel-met on each head, While marching on to glo-ry ; Among the foe dismay we'll spread, We're

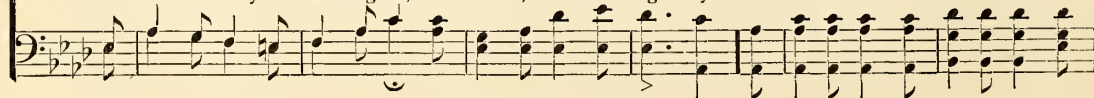


march-ing on to glo - ry. Then gird-ed with the truth we'll stand, Or march or fight at His command,
 march-ing on to glo - ry. With Gos-pel peace are shod our feet, With conquests are our lives re-plete,
 march-ing on to glo - ry. The Spir-it's sword we'll firmly hold, God's soldiers faith-ful be and bold,



CHORUS.

To Him we vow both heart and hand, We're marching on to glo - ry. We march, we march, We
 The shield of faith makes conflict sweet, We're marching on to glo-ry.
 Till thro' the cit - y's streets of gold, We march, we march in glo-ry. We're marching on, we're marching on, We're



THE ARMOR OF GOD—Concluded.

57

march... to glo - ry, Till thro' the cit - y's streets of gold We march, we march to glo - ry.
marching on to glo - ry. Till through.... the

JESUS, LOVING JESUS.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

SOLO. FULL CHORUS. SEMI-CHORUS.

mf Chil-dren, who was cru - ci - fied? *f* Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus; *mf*
1. { Who for lit - tle chil-dren died? Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus; } Yes, He died that you and I Might sit down with
2. { Children, who rose from the grave? Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus; } Yes, He vanquished death that He Might our souls from
mf Who our souls from death can save? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus; *mf*

FULL CHORUS.

3.
Children, who still loves us all?
Jesus, loving Jesus;
Who doth ever gently call?
Jesus, loving Jesus.
Calling, calling day by day,
Pointing to the heavenly way,
Let us all the call obey
Of our loving Jesus.

Him on high, *f* In His king-dom by and by, Je - sus, loving Je - sus.
sin set free, That we might His glo - ry see, Je - sus, loving Je - sus.

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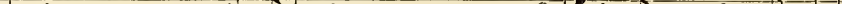
THAT HOME IS FOR ME.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by ASA HULL.

SOLO OR UNISON.

SOLO OR UNISON.



A musical staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The staff is labeled 'SOLO OR UNISON.' at the beginning.

1. I think of a home that is won-drous-ly bright, And in vis - ions its glo - ry I see;.....
2. The friends I have loved and have lost are all there, On the banks of the crys-tal, clear sea;.....
3. The Sav - iour has gone, me a home to pre - pare, If I here His dis - ci - ple will be;.....

[illegible]

Rit.

And, en-rap-tured, I gaze on its pal - a - ces white, For that beau - ti - ful home is for me ! . . .
 And I hope once a - gain their com-mun-ion to share, For that beau - ti - ful home is for me ! . . .
 And, redeemed from my sins, I am jour - ney-ing there, For that beau - ti - ful home is for me ! . . .

The bass line of 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp). It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of a series of chords and single notes: a G2 quarter note, followed by a G2-A2-B2-C3 quarter note, then a G2-A2-B2-C3 quarter note, and finally a G2-A2-B2-C3 quarter note. The piece ends with a double bar line.

REFRAIN.

REFRAIN.

The first system of the musical score is a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The melody is written in a style typical of early 20th-century popular music.

That home..... is for me !..... That home..... is for thee !.....
That beau-ti-ful home is for me, is for me! That beau-ti-ful home is for thee, is for thee!

A musical score for the bass line of the song 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the staff.

THAT HOME IS FOR ME—Concluded.

59

Rit.

The home of the ransomed, the home of the blest, That beau-ti - ful home is for me!.....
is for me!

Arranged for this Work.

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

Music by JOHN M. EVANS.

Spirited.

1st time. 2d time.

I. { "Land a-head!" its fruits are wav - ing O'er the hills of fade - less green;
And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing Shores where [OMIT.....] heav'n-ly forms are seen.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I fear no more, When on that eternal shore; Drop the anchor! furl the sail! I am safe within the veil!

- 2 Onward, bark, the cape I'm rounding;
See the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright, immortal lands.
- 3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding;
Shores in sunlight stretch away.
- 4 Now we're safe from all temptation;
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation!
We are safe at home at last!

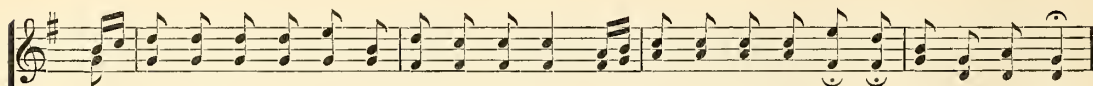
VISIONS OF FAITH.

Words by Rev. W. W. BAILEY.

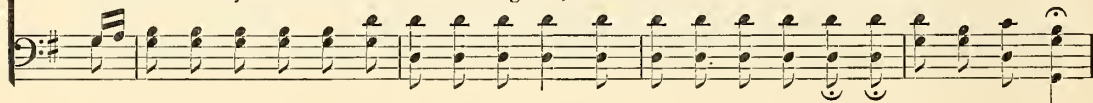
Music by I. N. McHOSE.



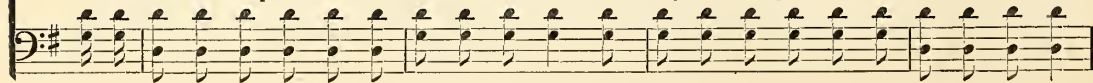
1. By faith a bright vis-ion ap-pears to my sight, Of a coun-try im'-mor-tal and radiant with light ;
 2. That land thro' the haze of the earth seem-eth far, But to faith's ma-gic wand the bright gates stand ajar ;
 3. O hast-en, bright an-gels, when life shall be o'er, Bear me quick-ly and safe to that ev-er-green shore ;



Its splen-dors en-tranc-ing tho' seen thro' the rift Of earth-clouds a-round us too heav-y to lift.
 At times comes the sweet, sil-v'ry mu-sic so clear, Re-veal-ing that it must be won-drous-ly near.
 Swell heav-en-ly breez-es the on-com-ing sail, Till an-chored at last I shall rest in the vale.

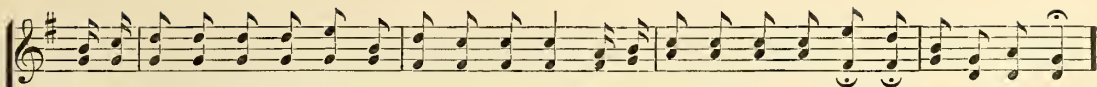


'Tis the scene of the Throne of my Sav-iour and God, The home of the pure at the end of life's road ;
 I am told this is false, 'tis a dream, a mis-take, 'Twill van-ish and leave me to weep when I wake ;
 O the an-them of praise, when the sanc-ti-fied choir, With harps tuned to praise, heav'nly mu-sic in-spire ;

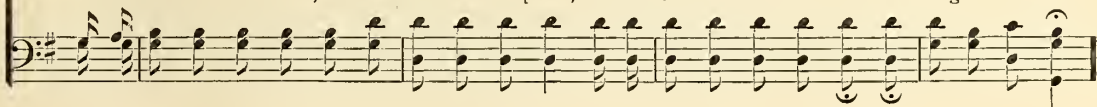


VISIONS OF FAITH—Concluded.

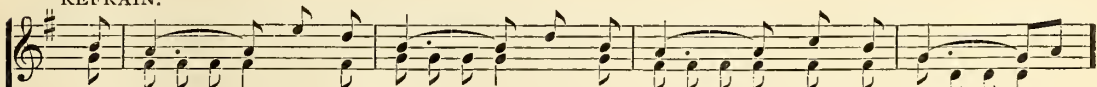
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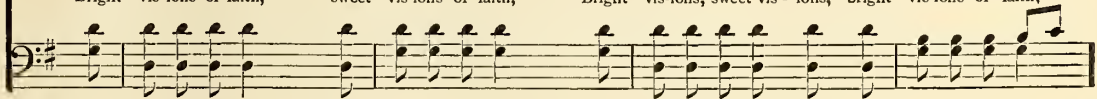
Where each an-gel - ic face beams with gladsome sur-prise, As the host of the blood-washed ascend to the skies.
But I know it is true, and I can-not re-frain From re-peat-ing it o-ver and o-ver a-gain.
Like the o-ccean's loud roar, like the thun-der's deep roll, Will the Sav-iour's dear name be the song of the soul!



REFRAIN.



Bright vis - - - ions, sweet vis - - - ions, bright vis - - - ions of faith,.....
Bright vis-ions of faith, sweet vis-ions of faith, Bright vis-ions, sweet vis - ions, bright vis-ions of faith,



Re - veal - - - ing the splen - - - dor of heav - - - en my home!.....
Re - veal-ing the splen - dor of heav-en my home! Re - veal-ing the splen - dor of heav-en my home!



BEYOND THE KEN.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Tho' the winds may blow and the tears may flow, As we travel on our way; We the crown will win, and we'll
 2. We are pilgrims here and the way is drear, But the end is drawing nigh; And the angels wait at the

CHORUS.

mf
 en - ter in To the promised land some day. Sing-ing glo - - ry, glo - - ry! Sing-ing
 shin - ing gate, To re-ceive us by - and - by. Sing - ing glo - ry to the Lamb! Singing glo-ry to the Lamb!

cres.
 glory to the Lamb once slain! Singing glo - - ry! glo - - ry! Death encompass'd him in vain!
cres.
 Sing-ing glo - ry to the Lamb! Singing glo-ry to the Lamb!

3 When the billows roll o'er the weary soul,
 And the skies are black o'erhead,
 "Lo! My grace shall be still enough for thee,
 Be not troubled," Christ hath said.

4 Look away! away from the sad to-day,
 For a glad to-morrow waits,
 When the race is run and the battle won,
 And we pass the pearly gates.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

63

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

March time.

1. Israel, hear the Lord's com-mand : Midian's hosts defeat ; Take for God and truth the land, Back sin's armies beat.
 2. Break their bows and quell their strength, Tame their savage will; Shouts of vict'ry shall at length God's dominion fill.
 3. On, then, fighting for the Lord ; Ev'ry toil endure ; God our strength and Gideon's sword, Make our conquest sure.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

ff The sword of the Lord and of Gid-e-on ; By this we'll conquest win ; We'll rush to the fray, And ours is the

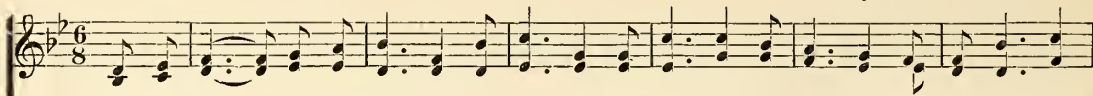
In parts.

day, A-against the hosts of sin ! . . . We'll rush to the fray, And ours is the day, A-against the hosts of sin !

TOILING IN ROWING.

Words by Rev. B. F. CLARKSON.

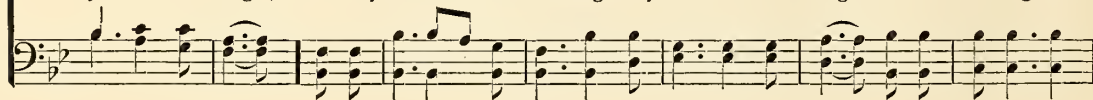
Music by HARRY SANDERS.



1. They had gone at His bid - ding far out on the sea, The dis - ci - ples of Je - sus, on
 2. In the night dark and storm-y, the bil - lows were high, And they knew not in dan - ger that



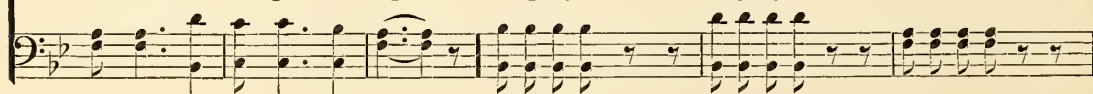
deep Gal - i - lee! While their Lord on the mount-ain was bend-ing in prayer, They were "toiling in
 Je - sus was nigh; As they toiled in their row-ing, they saw in their fright One was walking the



REFRAIN.



row - ing," and need-ing Him there. "Toil - - ing in row - ing" far out..... on the
 bil - lows as an - gel of light. Toiling they row, toiling they row, out on the sea,



TOILING IN ROWING—Concluded.

65

sea ;..... Toil - - - ing they row..... on deep Gal - i - lee !.....
 out on the sea; Toil-ing they row, toil-ing they row, Toil-ing they row on deep Gal-i- lee !

But out..... on the bil - - - lows the Lord..... of the wave.....
 But out on the sea, out on the sea, out on the sea, the Lord of the wave,

Walks..... in His glo - - - ry to help..... and to save!.....
 out on the sea, out on the sea, Walks in His glo - ry to help and to save !

3 Out on life's stormy ocean we've come at the call
 Of our Jesus, the Saviour and Maker of all ;
 When o'erwhelmed by the tempest, in danger and fear,
 We forget that our Saviour is mighty and near.

4 O ye troubled and toss'd ones on life's stormy sea,
 'Twas your Lord and your Saviour who calmed Galilee !
 He is walking the billows, behold He is nigh,
 And to you He is calling, " Fear not, it is I !"

WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?

Words by LANTA WILSON SMITH.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. There's a call for the reapers to come, O why are the lab'-rers so few? O'er fields that are white, Fast
 2. There's a call for the reapers to come, O why not the call now o - bey? For sheaves fair and good, To

REFRAIN. *Echo.*

fall - eth the night, Some work may be wait-ing for you! *f* Where are the reap-ers, reap-ers, *pp*
 gar - ner for God, Are ripe for the har-vest to - day!

Where are the reapers to - day? *mf* O'er fields that are white, *cres.* Fast falleth the night, *f* O, where are the reapers to-day?

3 There's a call for the reapers to come,
 They're calling for you and for me;
 What joy will be ours,
 If through life's bright hours,
 Our work for the Master may be.

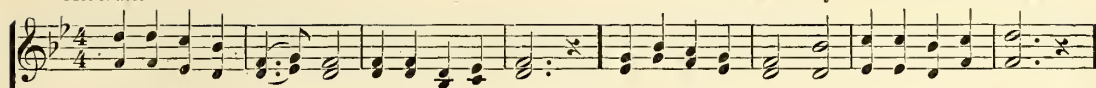
4 There's a call for the reapers to come,
 To gather God's ripening grain;
 And whate'er we do,
 If faithful and true,
 The promised reward we shall gain.

NEARER TO JESUS.

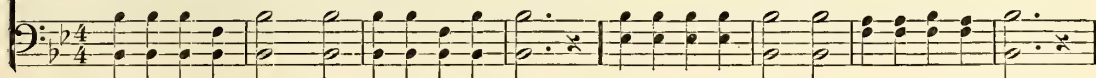
67

Moderato.

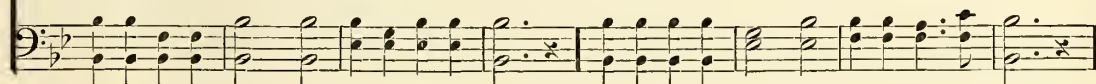
Words and Music by G. TABOR THOMPSON.



- | | | |
|------------------|----------------------------------|--|
| 1. Coming nearer | Je - sus, Nearer ev-'ry day; | Long has been the journey, Dark has been the way ; |
| 2. Coming nearer | Je - sus, I am freed from sin ; | He has borne my sor-row, Given peace with-in ; |
| 3. Coming nearer | Je - sus Earthly love grows dim, | For the sky is ra-diant Shining out from Him ; |



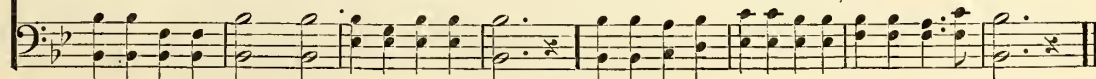
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|---------------|----------------------------------|---|
| Coming nearer | Je - sus, Tho' I may not see, | All the way be - fore me, Yet I'd near-er be, |
| Coming nearer | Je - sus, Trusting in His grace, | Ev-'ry moment brings me Near-er to His face. |
| Coming nearer | Je - sus, Weal or woe be - tide, | So He brings me near-er To His bless-ed side. |



CHORUS..



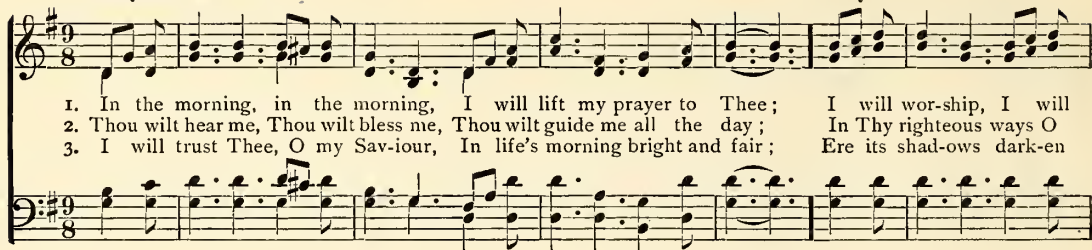
- | | | |
|---------------|-------------------------------|---|
| Coming nearer | Je - sus, Near-er ev-'ry day; | May His mercies draw me Nearer still, I pray. |
| | | draw me nearer, |



MORNING DEVOTION.

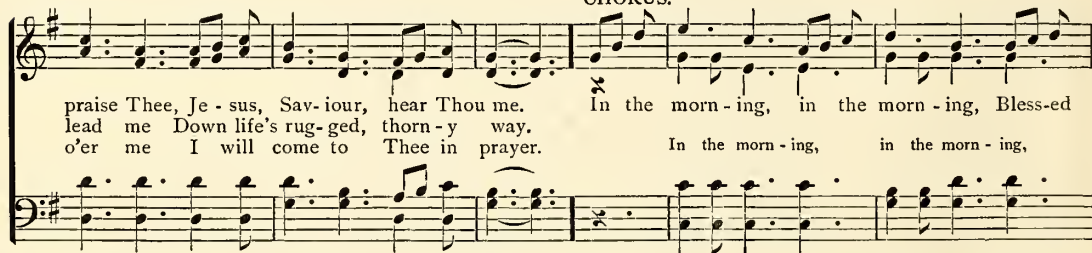
Words by IDA L. REED.

Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

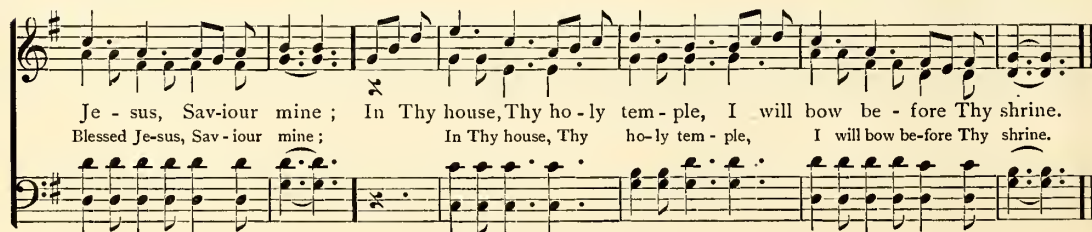


1. In the morning, in the morning, I will lift my prayer to Thee; I will wor-ship, I will
 2. Thou wilt hear me, Thou wilt bless me, Thou wilt guide me all the day; In Thy righteous ways O
 3. I will trust Thee, O my Sav-iour, In life's morning bright and fair; Ere its shad-ows dark-en

CHORUS.



praise Thee, Je - sus, Sav-iour, hear Thou me. In the morn - ing, in the morn - ing, Bless-ed
 lead me Down life's rug-ged, thorn-y way.
 o'er me I will come to Thee in prayer. In the morn - ing, in the morn - ing,



Je - sus, Sav-iour mine; In Thy house, Thy ho - ly tem - ple, I will bow be - fore Thy shrine.
 Blessed Je-sus, Sav-iour mine; In Thy house, Thy ho - ly tem - ple, I will bow be-fore Thy shrine.

THE BREAKING BILLOWS.

69

Words by FRED. WOODROW.

Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I hear the bil - lows break-ing A - long the nar - row sea, That rolls its dark and
 2. I hear the bil - lows break-ing, The night is dark and drear, But morn-ing will be
 3. I hear the bil - lows break-ing, And though I go a - lone, I'll meet the an - gels

REFRAIN.

cold flood Be - tween my home and me, Be - tween my home and me, Be -
 shin - ing, When I get o - ver there, When I get o - - - ver there, When
 com - ing From glo - ry of the throne, From glo - ry of the throne, From

1. Be - tween my home, my home and me,
 2. When I get o - ver, o - ver there,
 3. From glo - ry, glo - ry of the throne,

tween my home and me; That rolls its dark and cold flood Be-tween my home and me.
 I get o - - - ver there; But morn-ing will be shin - ing When I get o - ver there.
 glo - ry of the throne; I'll meet the an - gels com - ing From glo - ry of the throne.

Between, etc.—as before.

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JESUS, THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. O Je - sus, "Rose of Sha - ron," And "Lil-y of the Vale!" Thy words divine and ten - der A
 2. O Je - sus, "Rose of Sha - ron," And "Lil-y of the Vale!" The flow'rs that grace earth's gardens, Be-
 3. O Je - sus, "Rose of Sha - ron," And "Lil-y of the Vale!" Thou flow'r of E-den's gar - den, We

per - fume sweet ex - hale; Thy beau - ty, Lord, en - tranc - es My soul with ec - sta - cy, Thy
 side Thy beau - ties pale; For did I grasp those ros - es, They'd fad - ing, droop - ing lie; Thy
 bid Thee hail, all hail! We'll take Thy flow'rs su - per - nal, And wear them in our breast, We'll

REFRAIN.

love each day en - hanc - es My joy in knowing Thee. O beau - ti - ful "Rose of Sha - ron," And
 blos - som nev - er clos - es, Thy flow - ers nev - er die.
 praise in life e - ter - nal, The love that made us blest. beau - ti - ful "Rose of Sha - ron," And

JESUS, THE ROSE AND THE LILY—Concluded.

71

“Lil - y of the Vale!” Thou flow’r of E - den’s gar - den, We bid Thee hail, all hail!...
 beau-ti - ful “Lil - y of the Vale!” gar-den so fair, all hail!

mf *cres.* *f* *mf*

THROW THE LIFE-LINE.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Toss'd upon the waves of passion, Filled with many fears, Struggling for the heav'nly haven, Daylight disappears.
 2. On the troubled waters tossing, At the storm's control; Drifts the slave of sin and passion, An im-mor-tal soul.
 3. Quick, the night is growing deeper; Haste with courage brave; Speed the life-boat o'er the waters, A lost soul to save.

CHORUS.

Throw the Life-line to the wreck'd ones, Drifting on the wave; O, be earnest in the effort Priceless souls to save!

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WATCH THE FRUIT.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

DUET or QUARTETTE.

1. Say, do we gath - er grapes of thorns, Do figs on this - tles grow? Can a cor - rupt and
 2. A thorn tree sure - ly bore the thorns That pierced the Sav-iour's brow; And men are weav - ing

CHORUS.

bar - ren tree A - bun - dant fruit - age show? *mf* O watch the fruit,..... And
 crowns, as then, To wound Him e - ven now! O watch the fruit,

by it judge the tree!.... *f* It is a test that nev - er fails, And one that all can see! *dim.*
 And judge the tree!

- 3 The barren fig tree bore no fruit, 4 A humble tree that bears good fruit, 5 How blest the life that beareth fruit,
 To cheer Him, worn and weak; Is fairer in His eyes, Of faith and love so fair;
 And still He finds the barren trees, Than one that rears its barren form In whom the Master finds reward,
 When He for fruit doth seek! In pride unto the skies! For all His tender care!

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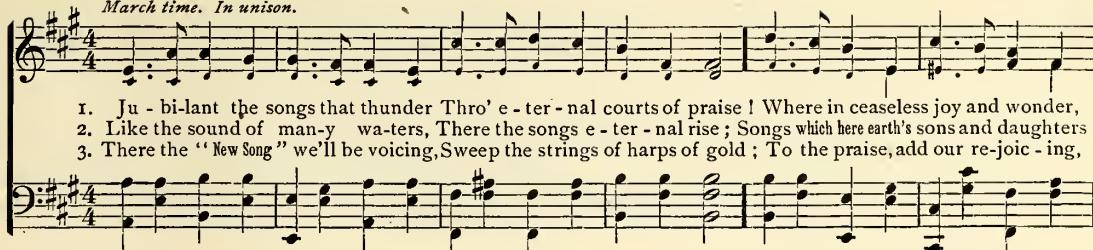
THE SONGS OF HEAVEN.

73

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

March time. In unison.



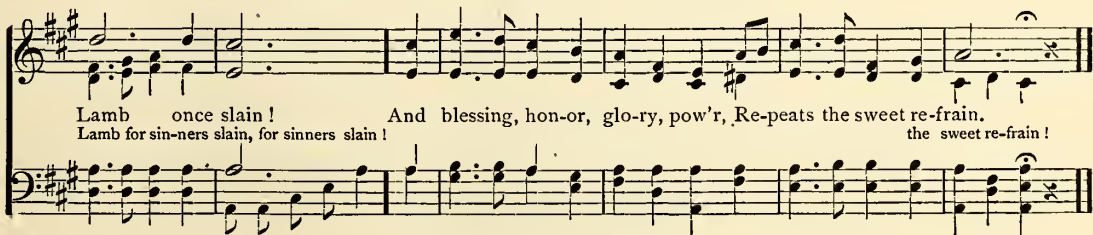
1. Ju - bi-lant the songs that thunder Thro' e - ter - nal courts of praise ! Where in ceaseless joy and wonder,
2. Like the sound of man - y wa - ters, There the songs e - ter - nal rise ; Songs which here earth's sons and daughters
3. There the " New Song " we'll be voicing, Sweep the strings of harps of gold ; To the praise, add our re-joic - ing,

In parts.

CHORUS.



Saints and an-gels cho - rals raise, and an - gels cho - rals raise !... All wor - - thy the
Learn'd to sing for Par - a - dise, to sing for Par - a - dise !...
New Je - ru - sa - lem be - hold, Je - ru - sa - lem be - hold !... All wor - thy is the Lamb they cry, The



Lamb once slain ! And blessing, hon - or, glo - ry, pow'r, Re - peats the sweet re - frain.
Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sinners slain ! the sweet re - frain !

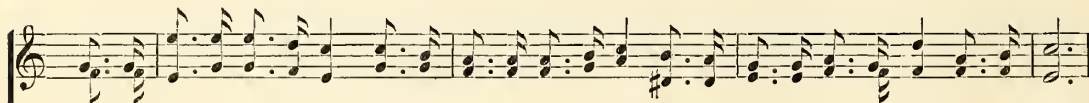
BEYOND THE TIDE.

Words by HARRIET E. JONES.

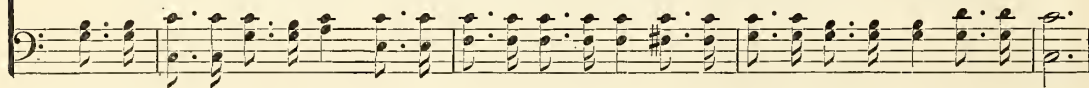
Music by W. L. MASON.



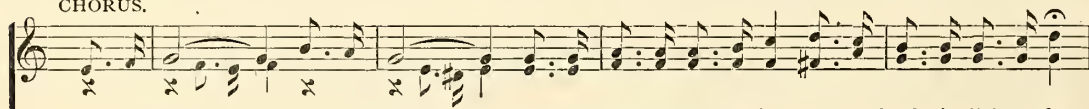
1. In the home be-yond the tide, Where the crystal wa-ters glide, And an - gel - ic hosts a - bide, O - ver there !
2. Far be-yond the woes of time, Roaming 'mid the scenes sublime, In that dear and sun-ny clime, O - ver there !
3. When the toiling time is o'er, And the partings come no more, And we stand up-on the shore, O - ver there !



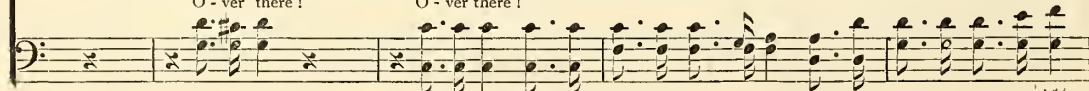
There is joy and peace un-told, Shining crowns and harps of gold, For the souls with names enrolled, O - ver there !
 We will join the hap-py throng In the sweet redemption's song, Chant it sweet-ly loud and long, O - ver there !
 How the bells of heav'n will ring, How the angel choir will sing, At our crown-ing by the King, O - ver there !



CHORUS.



O - ver there ! O - ver there ! Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow, All the land with light a-glow ;
 O - ver there ! O - ver there !



BEYOND THE TIDE—Concluded.

75

We shall nev-er sor-row know, While the a-ges come and go, O-ver there! O-ver there! O-ver there!

Words by H. L. HASTINGS.

SHALL WE MEET?

Music by ASA HULL, 1860.

I. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er Where the surg-es cease to roll? Where in all the bright for-
REF. Shall we meet be-yond the

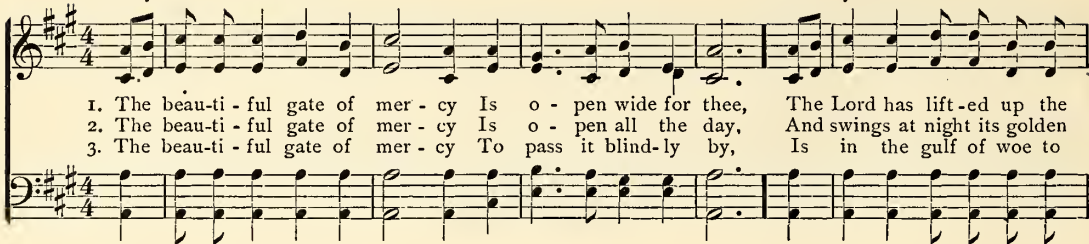
Fine. REFRAIN. *D. S.*
ev-er Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet? Shall we meet? Shall we meet?.....
riv-er Where the surg-es cease to roll? Shall we meet?

- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor, 3 Shall we meet in yonder City,
When our stormy voyage is o'er? Where the towers of crystal shine?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor, Where the walls are all of jasper,
By the fair, celestial shore? Built by workmanship divine?
- 4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

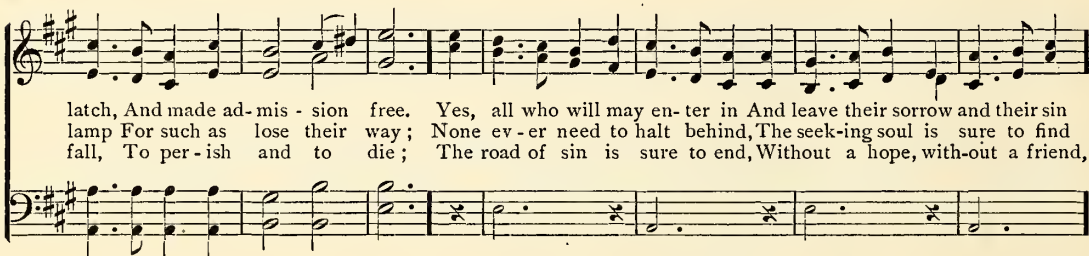
THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

Words by FRED. WOODROW.

Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

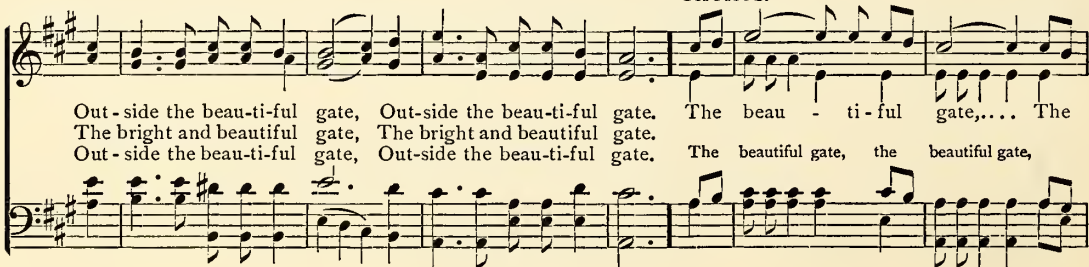


1. The beau-ti - ful gate of mer - cy Is o - pen wide for thee, The Lord has lift-ed up the
 2. The beau-ti - ful gate of mer - cy Is o - pen all the day, And swings at night its golden
 3. The beau-ti - ful gate of mer - cy To pass it blind-ly by, Is in the gulf of woe to



latch, And made ad-mis - sion free. Yes, all who will may en-ter in And leave their sorrow and their sin
 lamp For such as lose their way; None ev-er need to halt behind, The seek-ing soul is sure to find
 fall, To per-ish and to die; The road of sin is sure to end, Without a hope, with-out a friend,

CHORUS.



Out-side the beau-ti-ful gate, Out-side the beau-ti-ful gate. The beau - ti-ful gate,... The
 The bright and beautiful gate, The bright and beautiful gate.
 Out-side the beau-ti-ful gate, Out-side the beau-ti-ful gate. The beautiful gate, the beautiful gate,

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE—Concluded.

77

wellcome so full and free ; The hand of the Lord on the lift-ed latch, Is wait-ing for you and me.
so full and free ; for you and me.

UNDER HIS WINGS.

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON.

Copyright, 1872, by Asa Hull.

Music by ASA HULL.

1st time. 2d time.

I. { In God I have found a re-treat, Where I can se-cure-ly a - bide ;
No ref-uge nor rest so complete, [OMIT.....] And here I in-tend to re - side.

CHORUS.

O, what comfort it brings, as my soul sweetly sings : I am safe from all dan-ger while un-der His wings.

- 2 I dread not the terror by night ;
No arrow can harm me by day ;
His shadow has covered me quite ;
My fears He has driven away.
- 3 The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring ;
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.
- 4 A thousand may fall at my side,
Ten thousand fall at my right hand ;
Above me His wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

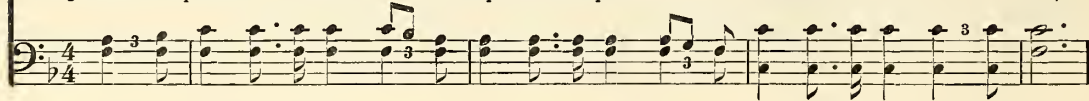
PRECIOUS INVITATION.

Words by Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

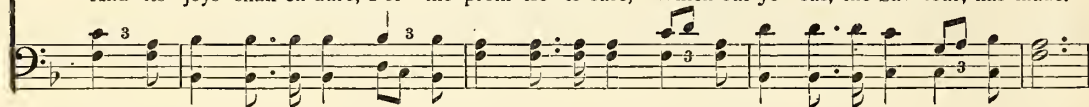
Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. There's a fount-ain a-bove, That in in - fi - nite love Is o'er-flowing, dear sin - ner, for thee ;
2. There's a crown that will shine, Thro' the a - ges di-vine, In the beau-ti - ful home of the blest ;
3. There is peace for the heart That no hope can im-part, Save that which on the Sav - iour is laid ;



Do not pause at the brink, But with thank-ful-ness drink, For the wa - ters of mer - cy are free.
 There is life for the soul When it reach - es its goal In the glo - ri - ous king-dom of rest.
 And its joys shall en-dure, For the prom - ise is sure, Which our Je - sus, the Sav - iour, has made.

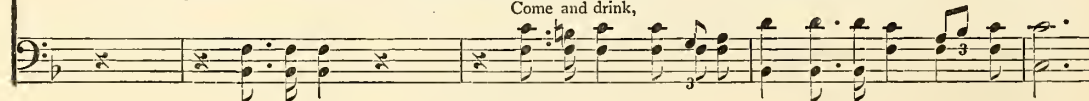


CHORUS.



Do not pause at the brink, But with thankfulness drink, Drink of that fountain so full and so free!

Come and drink,



Rit.

Do not pause at the brink, But with thankfulness drink, Drink of the fountain that's flow-ing for thee.
Come and drink,

THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

Words by WILLIAM COWPER.

1st time. *2d time.* *Fine.*

I. { There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, [OMIT.....] Lose all their guilt-y stains.
D. C. And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, [OMIT.....] Lose all their guilt-y stains.

D. C.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more.

WHAT DO THE BELLS SAY?

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

SOLI.

mf 1. What do the bells in the stee-ple say? Come, O come!... *mf* What do the bells to the
 2. What do the bells to the wea-ry say? What do the bells to the
 3. What do the bells to the chil-dren say? Come, come, come, O come, O come! What do the bells to the

mf

TUTTI. **SEMI-CHORUS.**

f peo - ple say? Come, O come!... *mf* Come, where dwell-eth the An - cient of Days,
 sin - ner say? Hearts o'er - shad - ow'd with cank - er - ing cares,
 teach - ers say? Come, come, come, O come, O come! Here the Lord and His faith - ful ones meet,

f *mf*

mf Just and mer - ci - ful are His ways, En - ter in - to His tem - ple with praise,
 Sow - ing seed but to gath - er tares, Stumbling, fall - ing in pit - falls and snares,
 Here they sit at the Sav - iour's feet, Here is rest, and sal - va - tion com - plete,

WHAT DO THE BELLS SAY?—Concluded.

81

TUTTI. **CHORUS. Legato.**

f Come, O come!..... *mf* Swing - ing, ring - ing. *cres.* Call - ing thoughts from the
 Come, come, come, O come, O come! Swinging, swinging, ring-ing, ring-ing,

world a - way; Clear and sweet as an an - gel sing-ing, Peal the bells of the Sab-bath-day.

For last verse. f *Slow.*

p Ring on, sweet bells,..... *f* Ring on, sweet bells, ring on!
 Beau-ti-ful bells of the Sab-bath-day! Ring on, sweet bells,.....

p *f*
 on, bells, ring on!

ZION'S HEIGHTS.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

DUET.

1. Earth's flow-er'd vales are fair to see, Decked by a Mas - ter hand ; Its wood-ed heights are
 2. Here purl - ing brook-lets lim - pid bright, To tur - bid stream's de - scend ; And days of gold - en
 3. No storm - y winds, no win - ter colds, No wild - ly - beat - ing rain, No sin with hid - eous

SEMI-CHORUS, *in unison.*

drawing me On high-er ground to stand ; But fair - er than these fields below To faith is E - den's strand ;
 sun - ny light In nights of darkness end. There from the throne the waters flow Unstain'd by earth's al - loy ;
 coils enfolds, No fever's rack, no pain. O glo - rious faith of Zi-on bright ! O rap-ture e'en the thought !

In parts.

REFRAIN.

And Zi - on's heights a view be - stow Of yon - der fair - est land. Zi - on, O Zi - on !
 Un - dy - ing there the day's bright glow ; Un - end - ing heav - en's joy.
 And then when faith has died in sight, O glo - ry rich - ly fraught !

cit - y on the hill ! With joy I on thy heights would stand, My soul with rap - ture fill !

Legato.

BEAR THY CROSS.

Music by ASA HULL.

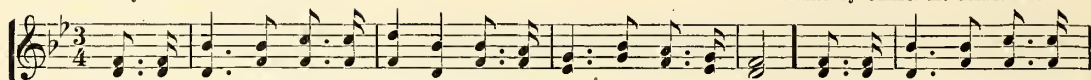
1. Bear thy cross cheer-ful - ly, Broth-er, the night Pass-eth, tho' tear - ful - ly; Dim is thy sight;
 2. Thro' surg-ing sor-row's tides, Vales dark and lone, Up rug-ged mountain sides, Mak-ing no moan;
 3. Bear thy cross trust-ing-ly, What-e'er it be; Then will it ten - der-ly Rest up - on thee;

Car - ry it du - teous-ly, Looking a - far, Where gleameth beauteous-ly The morning star.
 Tho' shrinking wea - ri - ly Be-neath the load, Take it up cheer-i - ly, 'Tis from thy God.
 Think not to lay it down Till life is done; Be-neath the cross the crown, When heav'n is won.

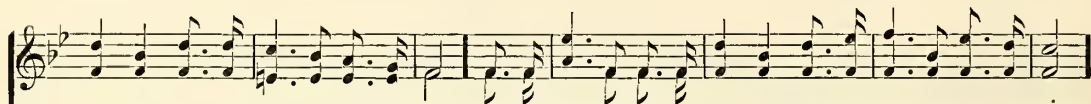
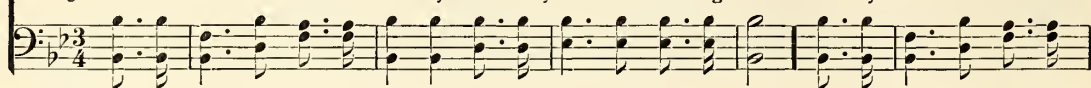
LIGHT! O LIGHT!

Words by FRED. WOODROW.

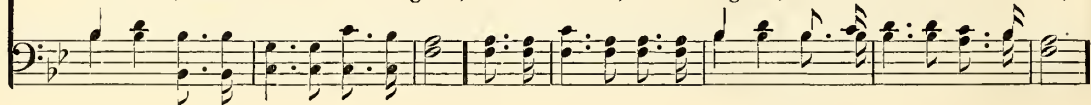
Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



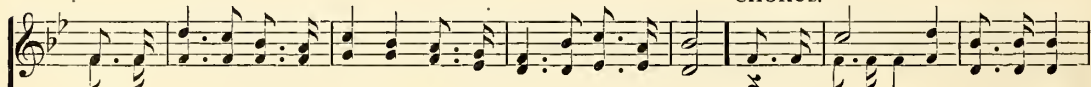
1. Light! O light di - vine and kind-ly, Soft-ly shed o'er land and sea, Guid-ing sin - ners lost and
2. Trust-ing soul, Thy love a - dor-ing, Fol - low on to peace and rest; Still re - joic-ing, still be-
3. What can hin - der? who can tar - ry When Thy love is lead-ing on? Glo - ry breaks a - bove the



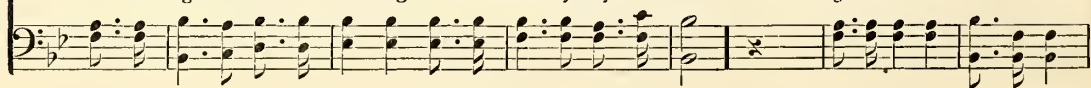
wea-ry, Home a - gain, O God, to Thee, From the desert and the mountain, O'er the quick-sand and the wave,
 liev-ing, All Thy ways, O God, are best; By the cross they have to car-ry, By the thorns that press the brow,
 mountain, Fear and wea-ri-ness are gone; Trib-u - la-tion, toil and anguish, Death and hell and mortal foe,



CHORUS.



Days of toil, and nights of watching, Struggle, trouble, and the grave. Light di - vine! O kind-ly light!
 Days of sum-mer suns and gladness, Days of storm and winter snow.
 When the light di-vine is shin-ing O'er the storm-y days be - low. Light di-vine!



Faith and hope dis- cern the morn, As the star of night de-clin-ing Hails the ev - er-last-ing dawn!
 Faith and hope As the star Hails the ev-er-last-ing dawn!

EVENTIDE.

Words by Rev. HENRY F. LYTE.

Music by W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven-tide; The darkness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
 2. Not a brief glance I beg— a part-ing word; But as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord,
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O, a - bide with me!
 Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scending, pa-tient, free, Come not to so-journ, but a - bide with me!
 Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O, a - bide with me!

GATES OF LIGHT.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. O por-tals fair! O heav'nly gates! O gems trans-lu - cent bright! Beyond your doors what joy a-
 2. My soul would pierce the veil be-tween, My faith yearns for a sight, While fau-cy dim - ly paints the
 3. Be-yond the gates of pearl and gem, In maj - es - ty su-preme, Thy walls, O new Je - ru - sa -

waits The soul's ec-stat - ic sight! I gaze in - to the az - ure sky That shuts your glo - ries in,
 scene Be-yond the gates of light; The crys-tal riv - er's sil-ver spray That kiss-es E - den's strand,
 lem, In heav-en's glo - ry gleam; And prais-es to the Lamb once slain Throb on the am - bient air,

CHORUS.

And long with many an ar - dent sigh An en-trance there to win. O gates of light!
 Where night ne'er ends the joy-ous day, Nor sor-row clouds the land.
 And part-ed friends u - nite a - gain In end-less glo - ry there. O gates of

when ye shall roll, light! when ye shall roll, Shall roll a - pace to let me in; shall let me in; Oh, there my

Oh, there my glad, my ran-somed soul, My soul will joy ce - les - tial win! ce - les - tial win!

SICILIAN HYMN.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
 : Oh, refresh us, :
Trav'ling through this wilderness.</p> | <p>2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
 : May Thy presence :
With us evermore be found.</p> | <p>3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven.
Glad the summons to obey,
 : May we ever :
Reign with Christ in endless day.</p> |
|---|--|--|

THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. The road is straight and grad-ed well, The track is true and clear; The bell is ring-ing,
 2. The en-gine is all pow-er-ful, The en-gi-neer is wise; The head-light is the

CHORUS.

"All a-board!" The gos-pel train is here. All a-board, all a-board! The
 Word of God, Be-fore it dark-ness flies. Then all a-board!.....

f *ff*

A little faster.

mf *cres.* *ff*

gos-pel train is here! The bell is swing-ing, hear it ring-ing, All a-board! the track is clear!
 All a-board!.....

Alto and Tenor F unison.

3 Salvation is the car, and o'er
 The door is deep engraved,
 "By Me if any man go in,
 He surely shall be saved."

4 Believers are the travellers,
 Who enter by the Door;
 And though they are a countless host,
 There still is room for more.

5 Then all aboard! and *stay* on board,
 Remain within the car,
 Until the train rolls safely through
 The pearly gates ajar.

Words by W. B. COLLYER.

HASTE THEE HOME.

Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

89

1. Haste, trav'ler, haste! the night comes on, And many a shin-ing hour is gone ;
2. O far from home thy footsteps stray, Christ is the life, and Christ the way, The storm is gath-'ring
3. The ris - ing tem - pest sweeps the sky, The rains descend, the winds are high ; And Christ the light ; thy
The wa-ters swell, and

CHORUS.

in the west, And thou art far from home and rest. Haste. thee, trav'ler, haste thee ! Flee for your
set - ting sun Sinks ere the morning is be - gun.
death and fear Be - set thy path, no refuge near. Haste thee, trav'ler, haste thee, Haste thee on thy way !

life, the mountain gain ! . . . Haste. thee, trav'ler, haste thee ! O speed thee, speed thee on thy way !
the mountain gain ! Haste thee, trav'ler, haste thee ! Haste thee on thy way !

THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Moderato.

Words and Music by Rev. J. MERWIN HULL.

1. When 'mid the toils and cares of life I sink, When all the world seems drear-y, Then loves my soul in
 2. There flows the stream whose water giveth life, There spreads the tree of heal - ing, There peace and joy for-
 3. Home of my soul! to thee I lift mine eyes, In thee are all my treas - ures; Up to thy gates at

REFRAIN.

faith and hope to think—There we shall ne'er grow weary. Home,..... beau-ti-ful home!.....
 ev - er banish strife, There songs of praise are peal - ing!
 last my soul shall rise, And thine e - ter - nal pleas-ures! Home, beautiful home! beau-ti-ful home!

Free from sin and care; Home,..... beau-ti-ful home!..... Je - sus a-waits us there!
 Home, beautiful home! beau-ti-ful home!

LOVE, GRACE AND PEACE.

91

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The love that constrained Him to suf-fer and die Up-on the ac-curs-ed tree! To o-pen the
 2. The grace that redeemed me from self and from sin, That came with such pow'r to me, And brought the sweet
 3. The peace that has en-tered this poor heart of mine, A-bid-ing each day with me, And bring-ing such

CHORUS.

path to the mansions of light, A won-der-ful love must be! O love of, the Lord! O
 sense of for-giveness within, God's wonder-ful grace must be! O love of the Lord! O love of the Lord! O
 rest and con-tentment of soul, God's wonder-ful peace must be!

grace so free! O heav-en-ly peace, a-bide with me!....
 grace so free! O grace so free! O heav-en-ly peace, O.... heav-en-ly peace, a-bide with me, a-bide with me!

OVER TO BEULAH LAND.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

mf

1. O - ver the mountains, the mountains of sin, Dark and gloom-y that shut us in ;
 2. O - ver the mountains, the mountains of doubt, Shut-ting faith with its sun - shine out ;
 3. O - ver the mountains, the mountains of woe, Where the riv - ers of sor - row flow ;
 4. O - ver the mountains, the mountains of death, Who, when fail - eth this fleet - ing breath,

Be - hold ! who com-eth with lov - ing hand, To car - ry us o - ver to Beu - lah land ?
 Be - hold ! who comes scatt'ring mists a - way, And bring-eth the light of e - ter - nal day ?
 Be - hold ! who com-eth with joy and rest, And un - to us mak-eth af - flic - tion blest ?
 Bear-eth us up in His arms a - way, To dwell in the light of His face for aye ?

CHORUS.

f

The Strong One com-eth ! He hears our cry De - spair-ing - ly ring o'er the mountains high ;

OVER TO BEULAH LAND—Concluded.

93

mp *cres.*
He ten - der - ly car - ries us in His hand O - ver the mountains to Beu - lah land!

mp

5 Over the mountains, the mountains of God,
By the feet of the blessed trod,
Ringeth the burden of our sweet song,
Forever and ever it rolls along!

Chorus. The Strong One sought us! He heard our cry
Despairingly ring o'er the mountains high;
He lovingly carried us in His hand,
And brought us into the heav'nly land.

Words by J. KEBLE.

HURSLEY.

Arranged from F. J. HAYDN.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O, may no earth-born cloud a - rise
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest

3. Abide with me from morn till eve, Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
For without Thee I cannot live; With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Abide with me when death is nigh, Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes, Like infant's slumber, pure and light.
For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.

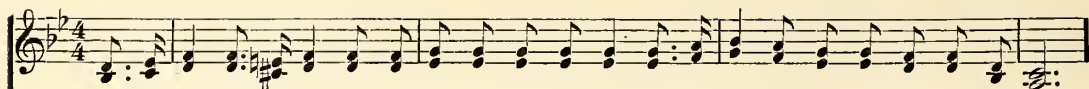
4. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Come near and bless us when we wake,
Has spurned to-day the voice divine— Ere thro' the world our way we take,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Till in the ocean of Thy love
Let him no more lie down in sin. We lose ourselves in heaven above.

6.

WE WILL PRAY.

Words by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

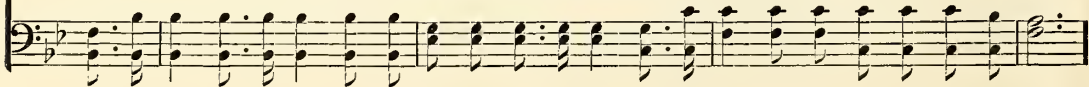
Music by J. H. TENNEY.



1. We will pray, we will pray at the dawning of the day, To the Fa-ther in heav-en we will pray ;
 2. We'll commune, we'll commune in the qui-et hour of noon, With the Sav-iour our spir-its will commune ;
 3. We will give, we will give in the tran-quil hour of eve, Our de-vo-tion to Je-sus we will give ;



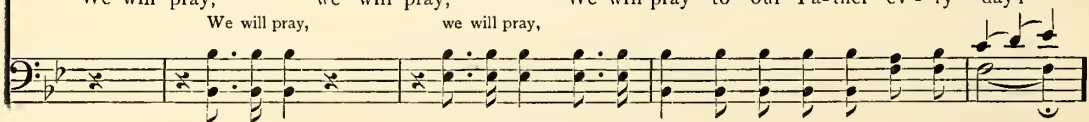
And en-treat Him to go with His weak ones here be-low, And to shield them from sorrow and from woe.
 And the light of His face, and the com-forts of His grace, From our hearts all their sorrows will ef-face.
 And in joy at His feet lay our sac-ri-fice complete, And ac-cord Him the hom-age that is meet.



CHORUS.



We will pray, we will pray, We will pray to our Fa-ther ev-'ry day
 We will pray, we will pray,



WE WILL PRAY—Concluded.

95

And a-bide in His love, in His pure and precious love, Till we reach the plains of Eden a-bove! . . .
of E-den a-bove!

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Words by Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

Music by JOS. HAYDN.

Fine.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.
2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod.
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Je-sus Con-stant will re-main.

CHO. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

D. C. for Cho.

Christ the roy-al Mas-ter Leads a-gainst the foe, Forward in-to bat-tle See, His banners go.
We are not di-vid-ed: All one bod-y we: One in hope and doc-trine, One in cha-ri-ty.
Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.

IN THAT DAY.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

DUET. *Alto and Tenor or Sop. and Alto.*

1. Some day the world be-neath my feet Will sure-ly slip a - way; The sunshine that I love to
 2. Some day the scenes I know so well Will greet no more my eyes, And oth-ers which no tongue can
 3. Some day the sol - emn bell will toll A - bove this mor - tal clay; Will bells un-seen their mu - sic

CHORUS.

greet Will fade from me for aye. O, may my feet rest on the Rock, The Rock that fail-eth nev - er;
 tell, Will o - pen in the skies. O, may my eyes be - hold that land, De-scribed in bless-ed sto - ry;
 roll To welcome me some day? O, when this soul of mine shall pass From out its earth-ly por - tal,

And may the Light e-ter-nal shine On me, on me for - ev - er.
 A fair - er country dawn on me, On me, on me in glo-ry.
 May I a mansion find prepared, For me, for me im - mortal.

4.
 Some day before the great white Throne
 Of Judgment I must stand—
 My countless sins will He atone?
 Seat me at His right hand?

Chorus.

Redeemer of the world, O, then
 May nothing from Thee sever,
 This soul which Thou hast died to make
 Thine own, yes, Thine forever.

WAVING BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

97

Words and Music by I. N. McHOSE.

1. { Beau-ti-ful hands on yon heav-en-ly height, Loved ones are waving with wondrous delight ;
Beck'ning the dear ones, tho' sundered a - far, En - ter the beau-ti - ful [OMIT.....] gate that's a-jar.
2. { Hands of a moth-er that oft - en ca - ress'd Children in troub-le, in want, or distress'd ;
Hands of a fa - ther who la-bored with care, Beck-on us homeward, their [OMIT.....] glories to share.

CHORUS.

Wav - - ing their hands !... Beau - - ti - ful hands !... See them ex-tend ing their
Wav-ing their beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful hands ! Beck'ning us homeward to heav-en - ly lands !

3 Hands of a husband, and hands of a wife,
Homeward are beck'ning from earth and its strife ;
Brothers and sisters are waving their hands,
Bidding us join them in heavenly lands.
beautiful hands, Beck'ning us homeward to heavenly lands !
4 Beckoning hands of a Saviour so dear,
Bidding us quickly for mercy draw near ;
Hands pierced and bleeding for sin to atone,
Waiting to crown us and lead to a throne.

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WATCHING AT THE DOOR.

Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Christ is watch-ing at the door, And waits to let me in ; Waits to make the heav-y bur-den light, And
 2. He is watch-ing at the door By night and thro' the day ; And the latch is al-ways lift-ed high Since
 3. He is watch-ing at the door : With all my guilt and shame, He has nev-er yet for-got-ten me, Nor

CHORUS.

wash a-way my sin ! Watching! watching! watch-ing! Watch-ing there for me ! There's a
 I have been a-way.
 blot-ted out my name.

wel-come for the prod-i-gal, A wel-come there for me !

4 Still He's watching at the door ;
 I'll go although 'tis late ;
 Go while Mercy's lamp is burning bright
 Above the open gate !

CHO. Watching! watching! watching !
 Watching there for me !
 I will go while Mercy's lamp is bright,
 And Grace is full and free !

JESUS ONLY.

99

Words by G. T. CONGREVE.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Shep-herd, sweet..... and fair and ho - ly, Hear, O hear..... me, while I pray; Let a
Shepherd, sweet Hear, O hear

child,..... so weak and low-ly, Be Thy care..... in life's young day. "Je-sus on-ly! Je - sus
Let a child Be Thy care

on-ly!" Hear in pit - y, hear me pray; "Je - sus on-ly! Je - sus on-ly!" Hear in pit - y, hear me pray.

- 2 When Thy voice, the stillness breaking, 3 Grace to seek Thee as my Saviour, 4 Like a lamb of Thine forever,
Seems to whisper soft to me : Grace to trust Thee as my Friend ; Bear me, Saviour, on Thy breast ;
"Child of sin, the-world forsaking, Grace to love Thee as my Brother, Guard me, keep me, leave me never,
Take thy cross and follow me." And Thy sweet commands attend. With Thy favor make me blest.
||: "Jesus only! Jesus only!" ||: "Jesus only! Jesus only!"
Give me grace to learn of Thee. :|| Now and ever, without end. :|| Guide me to Thy home of rest. :||

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JESUS, REFUGE OF MY SOUL.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

Music by ASA HULL, Oct. 15, 1859.

DUET. *With expression.*

QUARTETTE.

DUET.

1. Je - sus Ref-uge of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the rag - ing
2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; Leave, O leave me

QUARTETTE.

TRIO.

bil - lows roll, While the tem-pest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the
not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me; All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my

FULL CHORUS.

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence-less head, With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

COME UNTO ME.

101

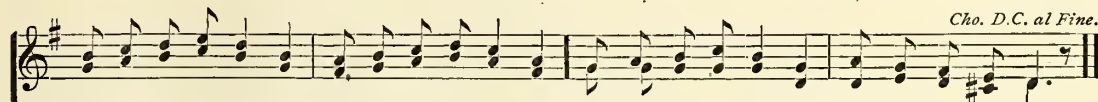
Words and Music by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Come to Me, come to Me, Soul, a-thirst for hap-pi-ness ; Come to Me, come to Me, I will give thee peace.
2. Fol-low Me, fol-low Me, True and faithful ev-ery day ; Fol-low Me, fol-low Me, In the nar-row way ;
3. Trust in Me, trust in Me, While I jour-ney on be-fore ; Trust in Me, trust in Me, Ev-er, ev-er-more ;



CHO. Come to Me, come to Me, Soul, a-thirst for hap-pi-ness ; Come to Me, come to Me, I will give thee peace.



Come, I will re-ceive thee, From thy fears re-lieve thee, And thy sins for-give thee, And thy spir-it bless.
Safe-ly I will lead thee, Heav'nly manna feed thee, Help thy soul, and speed thee On thy pil-grim way.
I will lin-ger near thee, When thou prayest, hear thee, With My presence cheer thee, Till the journey's o'er.



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JESUS, REFUGE OF MY SOUL—Concluded.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want :
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False, and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound :
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart ;
Rise to all eternity.

I HAVE LEFT THE WILDERNESS.

Words by ELLEN C. WEBSTER.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Long I sought the blessed Sav - iour, For I knew not He was near,
 2. I have bathed in Christ's own fountain, Precious fount of Cal - va - ry;
 3. Ev - ry day He walks be - side me, And I hear Him sweetly say,

Till I heard His gen - tle
 I am trust - ing in the
 "Fear not, I am ev - er

whis - per, "Seek no long - er, I am here." Now my wand'ring feet He's guid - ing As He
 mer - its Of that blood that flowed for me; I am on His promise rest - ing, Which for -
 with thee, I will keep thee day by day." Cords of love are wound a - round me, And I

leads me by the hand; I have left, have left the wil - der - ness, Trav'ling to the promised land.
 ev - er sure shall stand; I have left, have left the wil - der - ness, Trav'ling to the promised land.
 feel His lov - ing hand; I have left, have left the wil - der - ness, Soon I'll reach the promised land.

I HAVE LEFT THE WILDERNESS—Concluded.

103

CHORUS.

I have left the wil - der - ness, Trav'ling to the prom-ised land ;
the wil - der-ness, the promised land ;

Come, O sin - ner, jour-ney with me, Christ will lead you by the hand.
Come, O sin - ner, jour - ney with me, Come, O sin-ner, journey with me, Christ will lead, will lead you by the hand.

SAINT THOMAS.

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by A. WILLIAMS.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise ; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes !

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.</p> | <p>3 One day in such a place,
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.</p> | <p>4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.</p> |
|---|---|---|

SINGING SONGS OF GLADNESS.

Spirited.

Words and Music by HARRY SANDERS.

mf

1. Sing-ing songs of glad - - ness To our Sav-iour dear; Let no thought of sad - - ness
2. May His bless-ed pres - - ence With us now be felt; May His Spir-it's in - - fluence
3. On our way re-joic - - ing, Sing-ing as we go, We will nev-er fal - - ter,

mf

Ev - er en - ter here; Now we come to praise..... Him, And His bless-ing seek;
Ev - 'ry cold heart melt; May His lov-ing fav - - or Now up-on us rest;
We will fear no foe; Je - sus is our Proph - et, And our dear - est Friend;

REFRAIN.

f Songs of joy we raise..... Him, Of His good-ness speak. *mf* Sing - ing songs, songs of
May our faith ne'er wav - - er, Trust Him and be blest.
And we hope to see..... Him At our jour-ney's end. Sing-ing songs, sing-ing songs,

Rit.

Cres. *f* *3*

glad - ness To our Sav-iour dear; Let no thought of... sad - ness Ev - er en - ter here !
songs of gladness Let no thought, let no thought of

HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Words by REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

Music by Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee ;
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, Blessed Trin-i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and Sera-phim falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, Blessed Trin-i - ty! A-men.

ACROSS THE JORDAN.

Words by FRED. WOODROW.

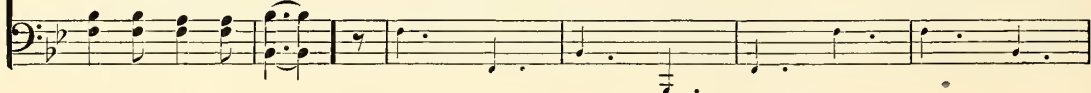
Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. My home is o'er the Jor-dan, The stormy, storm-y Jor - dan ; My home is o'er the Jor-dan, The
 2. My home is o'er the Jor-dan, The stormy, storm-y Jor - dan ; My friends are o'er the Jor-dan, The
 3. My hopes are o'er the Jor-dan, The stormy, storm-y Jor - dan ; My hopes are o'er the Jor-dan, The



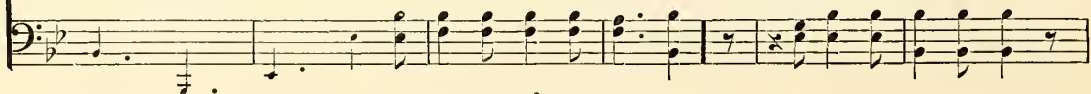
dark and storm-y sea. My Fa-ther and my Sav-iour there, The gold-en cit - y bright and fair, The
 dark and storm-y sea. They left be - hind them ev-ery fear, The Lord has wiped a-way each tear, Nor
 dark and storm-y sea. A wel - come there for you and me, No mat-ter what our name may be, A



CHORUS.



shining crowns the ransom'd wear, A-cross the storm-y Jor - dan. A - cross.. the storm-y sea, A -
 borne the cross they carried here, A-cross the storm-y Jor - dan.
 par - don and a pas-sage free, A-cross the storm-y Jor - dan. A - cross



ACROSS THE JORDAN—Concluded.

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cross.... the storm-y sea, A wel-come there for you and me, A - cross the storm-y Jor - dan.

A - cross

Words by DAVID NELSON.

By per. of O. Ditson Co.

THE SHINING SHORE.

Music by G. F. ROOT.

1st time. 2d time. CHORUS.

I. { My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would, not de-tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and [OMIT.] dan-ger. For O! we stand on

Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And just before, the shining shore, We may almost dis-cov - er.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, 3 Should coming days be cold and dark, 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow
 Our distant home discerning, We need not cease our singing; Each cord on earth to sever;
 Our absent Lord has left us word, That perfect rest naught can molest, Our King says, Come, and there's our
 Let ev'ry lamp be burning. Where golden harps are ringing. Forever, O, forever! [home,

HELP EACH OTHER.

Music by ASA HULL.



1. As we journey down life's pathway, Let us do the best we can, Day by day to help each oth-er,
2. There are mul-ti - tudes a-bout us, Souls with sorrow bowed, and sad ; We can find a way to help them,
3. " Bear ye one an - oth-er's burdens," Is our blessed Lord's command ; Then to suff'ring ones a-bout us



Fill - ing up life's lit - tle span. With the good that li - eth near us, With the ten - der light of love,
 If we try can make them glad ! Let us put a - side our troubles, Self - for - get - ting, try to aid
 Let us lend a help - ing hand. Tho' our hearts with grief are ach - ing, It may bring us peace and rest,



CHORUS.

Do - ing all we can for Je - sus, Till He calls us home a - bove. Let us ev - er help each oth-er
 Some poor soul, whose life-path ev-er Lies uncheer'd 'neath sorrow's shade.
 If for oth - ers, self - for-got-ten ; We shall strive to do our best.



Day by day the best we can : Fill-ing up with deeds of kindness All our earth-life's lit - tle span.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the accompaniment features chords and single notes.

RUSSIAN HYMN.

Words by HENRY F. CHORLEY.

Music by ALEXIS E. LWOFF.

1. God, the All - Ter - ri - ble ! Thou who or - dain - est ! Thun - der Thy clar - ion, and lightning Thy sword ;
2. God, the Om - nip - o - tent ! might - y A - ven - ger, Watch - ing in - vis - i - ble, judg - ing un - heard ;

Show forth Thy pit - y on high where Thou reignest, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
Save us in mer - cy, O save us from dan - ger, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

The musical score is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features two systems of music. The first system includes the lyrics for two verses. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The notation includes various musical symbols such as clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and note values.

3 God, the All-Merciful ! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted Thy word ;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terror awaken ;
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword ;
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

With great expression.

1. O shep-herd, one lamb from the fold is a - stray, But safe are the nine-ty and nine ;
 2. O shep-herd, a lamb from the fold is a - stray, The weak-est, yet wil - ful - est one ;
 3. O shep-herd, one lamb from the fold is a - stray, But safe are the nine-ty and nine ;

And time with the day - light is flit - ing a - way, Con - tent thee with these that are thine.
 But all of the flock are in dir - est dis - may Since eve - ning her hours has be - gun.
 Be - hold, how the shep - herd doth hast - en a - way, His heart for the lost one doth pine.

*Agitated.**Rit.*

The peaks of the mountains look threat'ningly down, The clouds 'mid the rolling of thunder-claps frown,
 The rain, like a flood from the heav - ens descends, Each tree, 'mid the beating of storm, rocks and bends,
 He heeds not the lightnings that fit - ful - ly play, Pre - cip - it - ous cliffs nor the rain's driv - ing spray,

'TIS ONLY ONE—Concluded.

111

Tempo.

Rit.

'Tis on - ly one lamb that's a - way from the fold, 'Tis on - ly one lamb that is out in the cold.
 So rest thee, kind shepherd, but one's from the fold, 'Tis on - ly one lamb that is out in the cold.
 He seeks the one lamb that is lost from the fold, For on - ly one lamb that is out in the cold.

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THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Music by R. S. HARRINGTON.

1. The long-lost son, with streaming eyes, From folly just awake, Reviews his wand'rings with surprise, His heart begins to break.

CHORUS.

I'll want no more for bread, he cries, Nor starve in foreign lands ; My father's house has large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
 The famine in this land ;
 While servants of my father share
 The bounty of his hand.

3 With deep repentance I'll return,
 And seek my father's face ;
 Unworthy to be called his son,
 I'll ask a servant's place.

THERE'S DANGER AT THE CURVE.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.
Solo.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

Music by ASA HULL.

1. A - long the track of youth we fly, With anx-ious heart and ea - ger eye, We long to round the
2. A - long the track of man-hood fast We dash with fear-less heart at last; With as - pi-ra - tions

CHORUS.

curve and be Up - on the track of man-hood free! Be - ware the sig - nal, flash-ing red! The
high and strong, While turning points lie thick a - long!

warning bell! look sharp a-head! 'Tis ea - sy from the right to swerve, And there is dan-ger at the curve!

3 Approach with care each curve that lies
Along the track of life, be wise;
Be sure no danger signals red
Are flashing ere you go ahead.

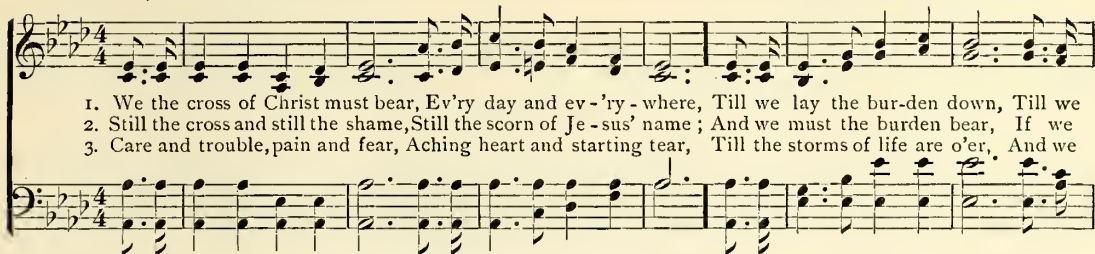
4 'Tis he alone that noteth well
The warning signals,—light and bell,
Who, when the curves of life are past,
Will reach a blessed home at last.

CROSS AND CROWN.

113

Words by FRED. WOODROW.

Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

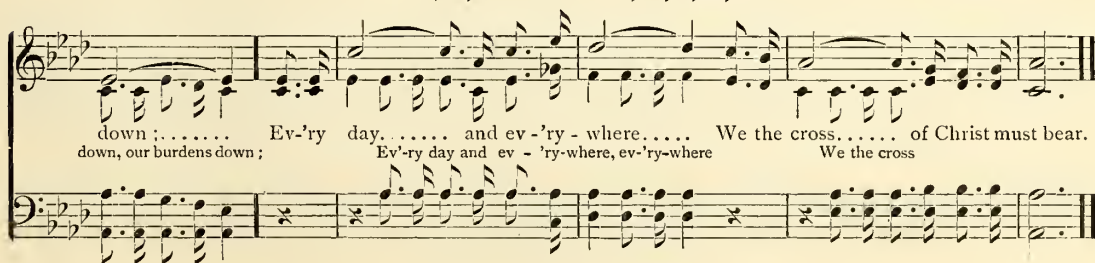


1. We the cross of Christ must bear, Ev'-ry day and ev'-ry - where, Till we lay the bur-den down, Till we
 2. Still the cross and still the shame, Still the scorn of Je - sus' name; And we must the burden bear, If we
 3. Care and trouble, pain and fear, Aching heart and starting tear, Till the storms of life are o'er, And we

CHORUS.



wear the gold-en crown. Till we wear..... the golden crown,..... Till we lay..... our burdens
 would the glo-ry share. Till we wear the crown, the golden crown, Till we lay our bur-dens
 reach the shin-ing shore.



down;..... Ev'-ry day..... and ev'-ry - where..... We the cross..... of Christ must bear.
 down, our burdens down; Ev'-ry day and ev - 'ry-where, ev-'ry-where We the cross

CHIEFEST AMONG TEN THOUSAND.

Words by ELLEN C. WEBSTER.

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

1. Je - sus is the chief a - mong ten thou-sand, Glad ho - san - nas un - to Him we'll sing!
 2. Je - sus is the chief a - mong ten thou-sand, In the Book of Life of Him we read!
 3. Je - sus is the chief a - mong ten thou-sand, Shin - ing an - gels tune their harps to praise!

Who on earth, or who in heav'n so glo - rious? Who so fair as Christ, our Sav - iour King?
 How He stands be - side the throne in glo - ry, There in - tent the sin - ner's cause to plead!
 And we, too, will join in ad - o - ra - tion, And our glad ho - san - nas sweet - ly raise!

CHORUS.

mf Je - sus is the chief, *cres.* He is the chief a - mong ten thou-sand, *mf* And the One that's al - to - geth - er

CHIEFEST AMONG TEN THOUSAND—Concluded.

115

love - ly! Glad ho - san-nas un - to Him be - long; O praise His name, His wondrous name in song!
in song!

Words by ALVIRA WHITNEY.

CLOSE TO THY SIDE.

Music by A. B. HOAG.

1. Un - der Thy wings, my God, Close to Thy side; Safe from the com-ing storm, Joy-ful - ly I hide.
2. Un - der Thy wings, my God, Lov'd ones a-bide; Whom Thou hast call'd from me, Closer to Thy side.
3. Un - der Thy wings, my God, Safe-ly to hide; Clos-er Thy "lit-tle ones," Clos-er to Thy side.

Oft Thou hast call'd to me, Now, while the cloud I see, Swift-ly I fly to Thee, Close to Thy side.
Deal gen-tly, Lord, with me, Glo-ry I may not see; Keep ev-'ry sin from me While at Thy side.
Side wounded sore for me, Bleed-ing and bruise'd I see; Cov-er, O cov-er me, Close at Thy side.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Words by IDA L. REED.

Music by ASA HULL.

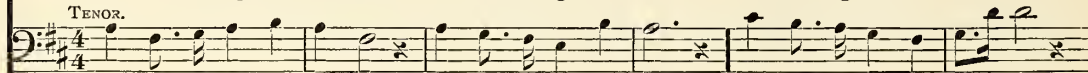
DUET.



ALTO.

1. What of the night, O watchman? What of the wea-ry night? Shines there across the dark-ness
 2. What of the night, O watchman? Deep shadows veil the skies; Is there no sign of morn-ing
 3. What of the night, O watchman? That darker night of sin, Will morning shed its lus-tre,

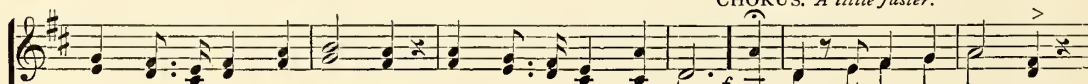
TENOR.

*Rit.*

SOLO OF QUARTETTE.



No cheering gleam of light? Pil-grim, the morn-ing com-eth! Skies all a-glow with light,
 To cheer our longing eyes? Pil-grim, the clouds are rift-ed, Dark-ness will pass a-way;
 Where darkness reigns within? Pil-grim, the light is shin-ing, The light of Gos-pel truth;

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Pro-claim that night is wan-ing, And day is break-ing bright! Ah, yes! the morn-ing com-eth!
 Glad-ness with morning com-eth, A bright and gladsome day!
 Straight from the throne in glo-ry, Where dwells e-ter-nal youth!



WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?—Concluded.

117

p List to the an - swer low! *f* Out from the East is shin - ing The dawning's rud - dy glow!

Words by RAY PALMER.

OLIVET.

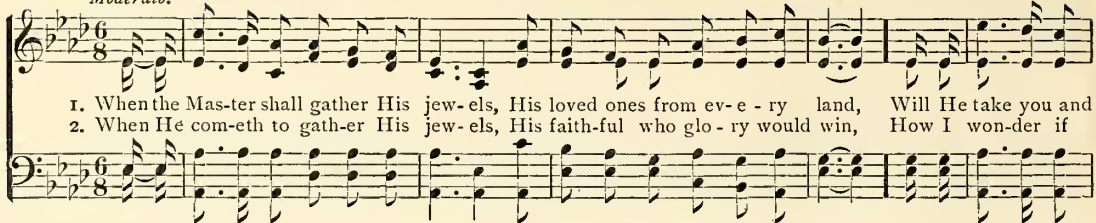
Music by Dr. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour Di - vine! Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire! As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll: Blest Sav-iour!

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way; O let me from this day, Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O, may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sor-row's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move: O, bear me safe a - bove—A ran - somed soul!

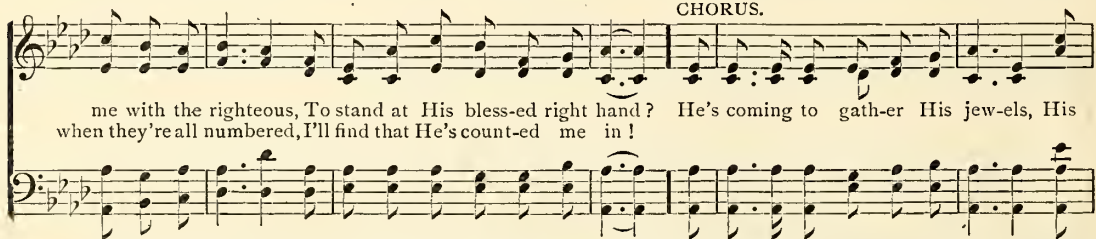
COMING TO GATHER HIS JEWELS.

Words and Music by E. RINEHART.

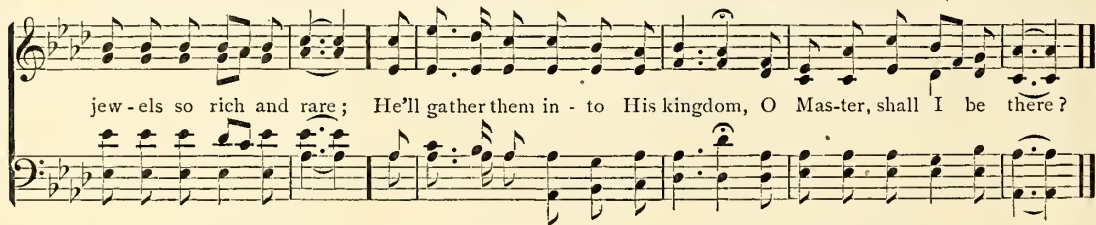
Moderato.


1. When the Mas-ter shall gather His jew-els, His loved ones from ev-e-ry land, Will He take you and
2. When He com-eth to gath-er His jew-els, His faith-ful who glo-ry would win, How I won-der if

CHORUS.



me with the righteous, To stand at His bless-ed right hand? He's coming to gath-er His jew-els, His
when they're all numbered, I'll find that He's count-ed me in!



jew-els so rich and rare; He'll gather them in - to His kingdom, O Mas-ter, shall I be there?

3 In that day when He gathers His jewels,
His treasures, the world had passed by,
He will call them from highways and hedges,
Up to His bright mansions on high.

4 Lord, hasten the day of Thy coming,
We watch and we wait for the hour,
That shall herald the bright, blissful morning,
The glorious day of Thy power.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

119

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

Solo.

1. Can you tell me, can you tell me, What my name in heav'n shall be? What they'll call me there in
 2. And the gar-ments to en-fold me, When I walk the gold-en street? Tell me what you know a-
 3. When I sing the songs of heav-en, How I long that song to know That is thrill-ing thro' fair
 4. Man-y long-ings now I cher-ish, That, a-las! I ne'er at-tain, Shall I there have full con-

CHORUS.

greet-ing, When I join that com-pa-ny? Thine shall be a name of beau-ty, Writ-ten
 bout them, For the thought to me is sweet. Wear-ing robes of full sal-va-tion Shalt thou
 Ca-naan, While I'm dwell-ing here be-low. 'Tis the song of the re-deem-ed Un-to
 tent-ment, When at last my home I gain? All thy long-ings, all thy wish-es, All for

in the Book of Life; None may know it till are end-ed All these scenes of toil and strife.
 stand in glo-rious dress, Robed in white and, pure and spot-less, Clad in Je-sus' right-eous-ness.
 Him who lived and died, Un-to Him be end-less glo-ry, Lamb of God, once cru-ci-fied!
 which thou here hast sighed, There are stilled when thou a-wak-est, There thou shalt be sat-is-fied.

COME IN TO THE BANQUET.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.



1. Come in, O come in to the ban - quet, There's room at the ta - ble to spare ; The King in His
 2. O lin - ger not, wait - ing and i - dle, The King of all kings is the host ; O slight not His



splen - dor in - vites you, To come and par - take of His fare ; The gar - ment is roy - al He
 earn - est en - treat - y, For bit - ter re - gret is the cost ; Nor say, I'm not wor - thy to



gives you, An en - trance its wear - ing as - sures ;— Then haste to the feast that a - waits you, The
 en - ter - Come 'in to be welcomed and blest ; E - nough that the Sov - reign in - vites you, To



COME IN TO THE BANQUET—Concluded.

121

CHORUS.

best of the pal - ace is yours. Come in to the ban - quet, There's room and to
 come as His friend and His guest. Come in,..... Come in,..... Come in,.... Come

spare;... The King in His splendor in - vites you To come and par-take of His fare.....
 in, come in, of His fare.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

Music by PLEYEL.

I. Lord of hosts, how lovely fair, E'en on earth, Thy temples are! Here Thy waiting people see Much of heav'n and much of Thee.

2 From Thy gracious presence flows
 Bliss that softens all our woes;
 While Thy Spirit's holy fire
 Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate Thy throne;
 Here Thy pard'ning grace is known;
 Here we learn Thy righteous ways,
 Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

COME, FOLLOW ON!

Words by PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Music by FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Wav-ing green branches in joy-ous ac-cord, Chil-dren of Zi-on once fol-lowed the Lord!
 2. O-ver the darkness that fades in His light, O-ver the i-dols cast down by His might!
 3. Swelling God's ar-mies while marching a-long, Cheer-ing life's high-way with mu-sic and song!

Wav-ing our gar-lands all fra-grant and gay, Glad-ly we fol-low our Sav-iour to-day!
 O-ver the ru-ins of er-ror and crime, Fol-low the Sav-iour to tri-umph sublime!
 Spot-less the ban-ners that float in His name, Vic-t'ry to Je-sus our voic-es pro-claim!

CHORUS.

Come... fol-low on!.... come... fol-low on!.... Waving our garlands all fragrant and gay!
 Come, follow on! come, follow on! follow, follow, come, follow on!

COME, FOLLOW ON!—Concluded.

123

Rit.

Glad - - ly we'll fol - low where... Je-sus leads,... Gladly we fol-low the Saviour to-day.
Gladly fol-low, glad-ly follow, where Jesus leads, where Jesus leads,

Words by Bishop R. HEBER.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Music by Dr. L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 2 What though the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone. | 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name. | 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. |
|--|---|--|

DRINK, FREELY DRINK!

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Thirsting 'neath the noon-day sun, With thy race but half - way run, From the liv - ing wa - ters drink,
 2. Thirsting on the a - rid plain, Where thy strength must surely wane, Just at hand a liv - ing Spring
 3. Thirsting 'mid the des - ert drear, Where no mor - tal help is near, From a Rock, 'mid tor - rid gleam,

REFRAIN.

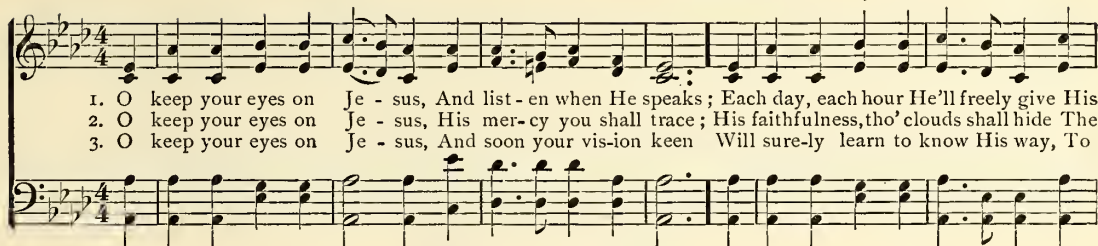
Else thy wea - ry soul must sink! Drink, free - ly drink!... Drink, free - ly drink!...
 Bids thee drink, re - joice and sing!
 Bursts for thee a liv - ing stream! free - ly drink! Drink, free - ly, free - ly drink!

1st time. There's a boun - ti - ful sup - ply! *2d time.* None need ev - er thirst and die!

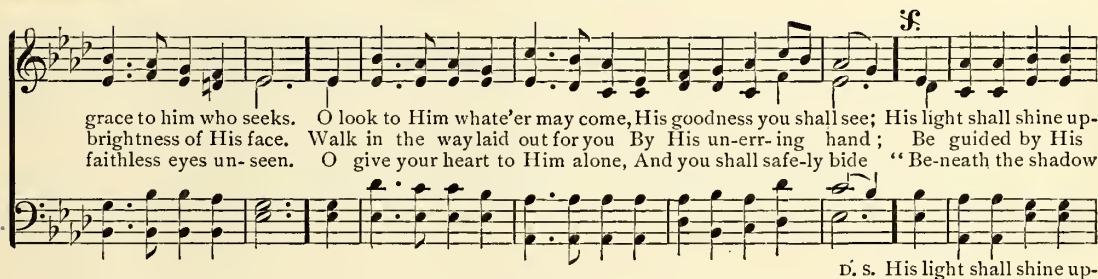
KEEP YOUR EYES ON JESUS.

125

Words and Music by HARRY SANDERS.



1. O keep your eyes on Je - sus, And list - en when He speaks ; Each day, each hour He'll freely give His
 2. O keep your eyes on Je - sus, His mer - cy you shall trace ; His faithfulness, tho' clouds shall hide The
 3. O keep your eyes on Je - sus, And soon your vis-ion keen Will sure-ly learn to know His way, To



grace to him who seeks. O look to Him whate'er may come, His goodness you shall see; His light shall shine up-
 brightness of His face. Walk in the way laid out for you By His un-err-ing hand ; Be guided by His
 faithless eyes un- seen. O give your heart to Him alone, And you shall safe-ly bide "Be-neath the shadow
 d. s. His light shall shine up-

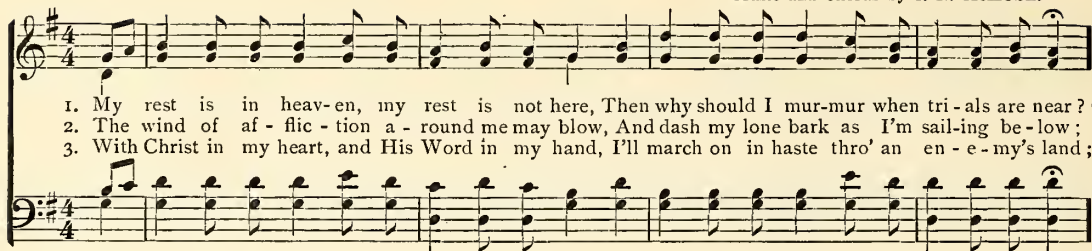


Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*
 on your path, His truth shall make you free! O keep your eyes on Je - sus, His glo - ry you shall see ;
 counsels true, O - bey His just command.
 of His wing," Be more than sat-is - fied.
 on your path, His truth shall make you free!

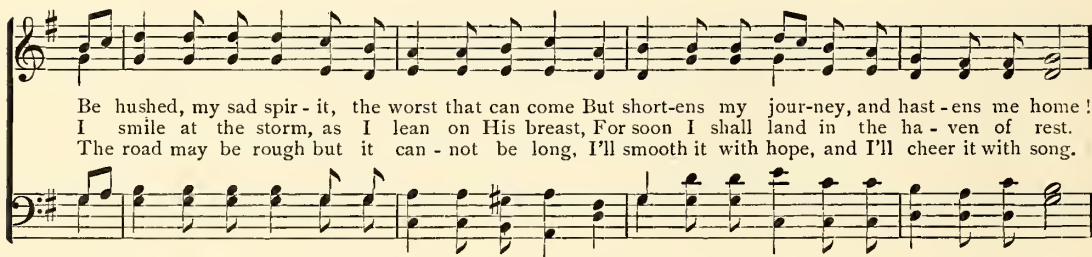
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THE HAVEN OF REST.

Music and Chorus by I. N. McHOSE.

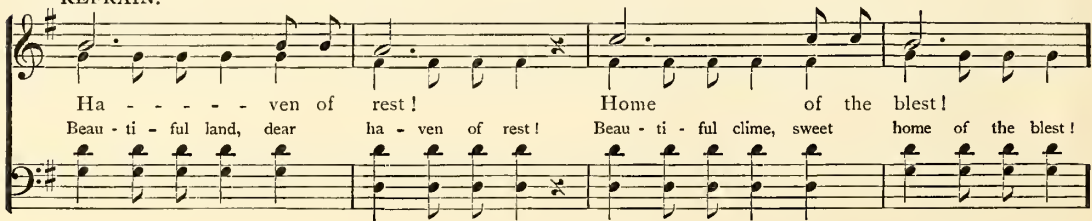


1. My rest is in heav-en, my rest is not here, Then why should I mur-mur when tri-als are near?
 2. The wind of af-flic-tion a-round me may blow, And dash my lone bark as I'm sail-ing be-low;
 3. With Christ in my heart, and His Word in my hand, I'll march on in haste thro' an-en-e-my's land;



Be hushed, my sad spir-it, the worst that can come But short-ens my jour-ney, and hast-ens me home!
 I smile at the storm, as I lean on His breast, For soon I shall land in the ha-ven of rest.
 The road may be rough but it can-not be long, I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

REFRAIN.



Ha - - - - ven of rest! Home of the blest!
 Beau-ti-ful land, dear ha-ven of rest! Beau-ti-ful clime, sweet home of the blest!

THE HAVEN OF REST—Concluded.

127

Without cloud, without end, in-ex-press-a-bly blest, For the peo-ple of God there re-maineth a rest!

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

THE SEED SOWER.

Words by Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Go forth and sow the seeds Of loving words and deeds, In this sad world; And give the work di-
 2. O keep thy Lord's command; Bethine the o-pen hand, The will-ing feet; It may be thine to
 3. No long-er drooping dumb, So shalt thou homeward come, With songs of praise; Shalt bring no with-er'd

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

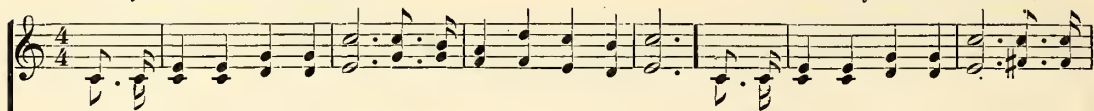
vine What-e'er is best of thine, Thy crown will fair-er shine With love im-pearl'd!
 weep, And wea-ry vi-gils keep, But thou shalt sure-ly reap A har-vest sweet!
 leaves, But per-fect gold-en sheaves; Round thee a gar-land weaves For end-less days!

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

Words by MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.



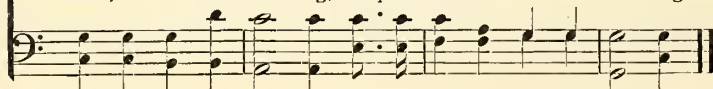
1. Praise be Thine, e-ter-nal King, Young and old Ho-san - na sing; Thou hast blest us far and wide At the
2. Lord, 'tis Thine almighty hand That up-holds our no - ble land; That the pas-tures doth en-fold In a
3. Praise for sun, and praise for dew, Praise for love for-ev - er new! Praise for bounties rich - ly shed, That Thy



bounteous har-vest-tide. An-gel voic-es high are blend-ing In the an-them nev-er end-ing; Hear us
roy-al robe of gold; Shin-ing vineyards, hilltops hoar-y, Woods a-flame de-clare Thy glo-ry; Thou hast
chil-dren may be fed; Bread of Life, for all a - vail-ing, Vine the true, the nev-er - fail-ing! Feed our



while we fain would ren-der Praise for mer-cies kind and ten - der.
hung the fruit-age glow-ing Where the orchard boughs are blowing.
souls, in Thee con - fid - ing, Keep our lives in Thine a - bid - ing.



4.

Old and young their voices raise,
All things breathing chant Thy praise;
Every season, every year,
Are Thy tender mercies near;
Thou, our Hope, our Help forever,
God of Harvest! leave us never,
Till we reach the heav'nly portal,
Bringing homeward sheaves immortal.

0, WHAT'S THE NEWS?

129

Music by R. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Where'er we meet, you al- ways say, What's the news ? what's the news ? Pray, what's the or- der
 2. The Lamb was slain on Cal- va - ry, That's the news, that's the news ! To set a world of
 3. The Lord has par-doned all my sins, That's the news, that's the news ! I feel the wit-ness

What's the news?

what's the news?

of the day ? What's the news ?... what's the news ? O, I have glorious news to tell: My Saviour hath done
 sin-ners free, That's the news,... that's the news ! 'Twas there His precious blood was shed ; 'Twas there He bowed His
 now with - in, That's the news,... that's the news ! And since He took my sins a - way, And taught me how to

What's the news?

all things well, And tri-umph'd o - ver death and hell, That's the news,... O, that's the news !...
 sa - cred head ; But now He's ris - en from the dead, That's the news,... O, that's the news !...
 watch and pray, I'm hap - py now from day to day, That's the news,... O, that's the news !...
 That's the news, that's the news, that's the news !

BEAR THE TIDINGS.

Words by JOSHUA MARSDEN.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Go, ye mes-sen-gers of God, Like the beams of morn-ing, fly ; Take the won-der-work-ing
 2. Go to many a trop-ic isle In the bo - som of the deep, Where the skies for - ev - er

CHORUS.

rod, Wave the banner-cross on high. Bear the tidings 'round this ball, Vis - it ev-'ry land and sea ;
 smile, And th' oppress'd for-ev-er weep.

Preach the Cross of Christ to all ; . . Christ, whose love is full and free !
 all, to all ;

3 O'er the pagan's night of care
 Pour the living light of heaven ;
 Chase away his dark despair,
 Bid him hope to be forgiv'n.

4 Where the golden gates of day
 Open on the palmy East,
 High the bleeding cross display ;
 Spread the gospel's richest feast.

HE CARETH FOR ALL.

131

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

Joyfully.

1. Our hearts are singing with joy to-day, And praising the goodness of God ; And forward we look without
 2. The sun He guideth, the stars surveys, And na-ture o - beys His be - hest, The lambs on the flow-er-ing
 3. The flow'rs in beauty that stand arrayed, Provide not their garments of light ; The birds in their nests never

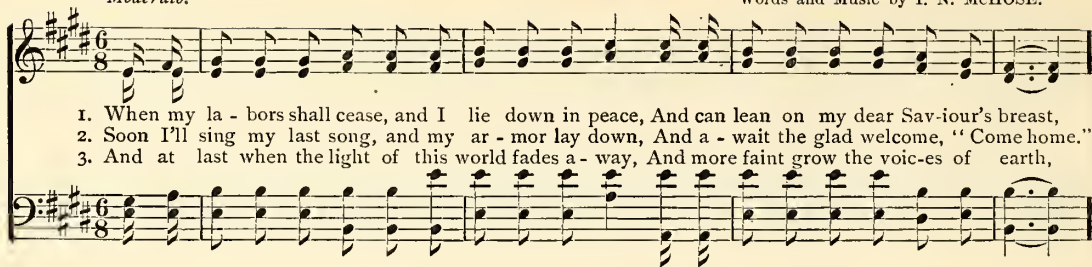
thought of dismay, The fu-ture His mer-cy hath stored. How safe to de-pend on the love that provides, That
 meadows that graze, The birds, too, His goodness at-test. He spreadeth His wings, and se-cure-ly we dwell, When
 trem-ble a-fraid When thunderbolts roll from the height. He rob-eth the lil - y, He cares for the bird, Then

guardeth and keepeth al- way ; So what can we ask for, or wish for besides, He fill-eth with plenty each day.
 shelter'd and shadow-ed there ; The past and the present, the future as well, Are safe in His ten-der-est care.
 why should my confidence fall ? No ! happy I'll be while I rest in His word, And know that He careth for all.

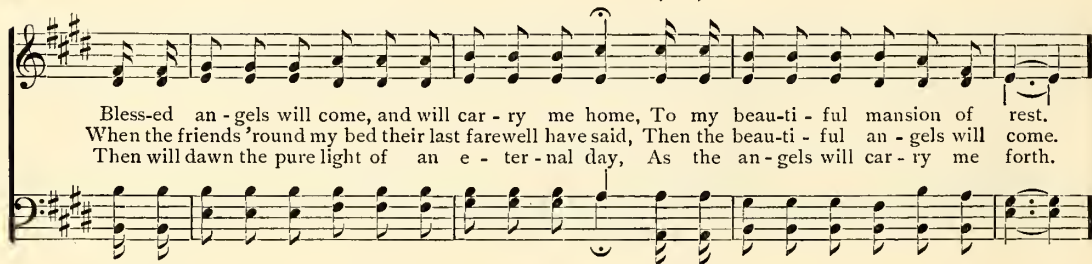
ANGELS WILL COME.

Moderato.

Words and Music by I. N. McHOSE.

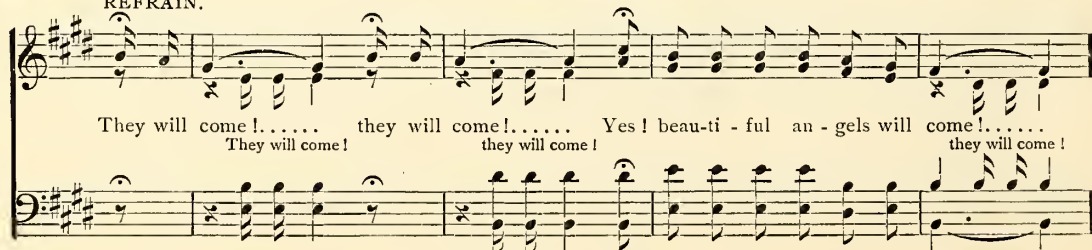


1. When my la - bors shall cease, and I lie down in peace, And can lean on my dear Sav-iour's breast,
 2. Soon I'll sing my last song, and my ar - mor lay down, And a - wait the glad welcome, "Come home."
 3. And at last when the light of this world fades a - way, And more faint grow the voic-es of earth,



Bless-ed an - gels will come, and will car - ry me home, To my beau-ti - ful mansion of rest.
 When the friends 'round my bed their last farewell have said, Then the beau-ti - ful an - gels will come.
 Then will dawn the pure light of an e - ter - nal day, As the an - gels will car - ry me forth.

REFRAIN.



They will come !..... they will come !..... Yes ! beau-ti - ful an - gels will come !.....
 They will come ! they will come ! they will come !

ANGELS WILL COME—Concluded

133

Rit.

They will come!..... they will come!..... To bear me a - way to my home!.....
 They will come! they will come! to my home!

RESTING IN JESUS.

Arranged for this Work.

Music by Rev. E. M. LONG.

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast,"
 2. I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad, I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.
 3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold, I freely give The living water; thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."

CHORUS.

I'm rest-ing now on Je - sus, Cast-ing all on Je - sus, And I'll reign with Je - sus by and by.

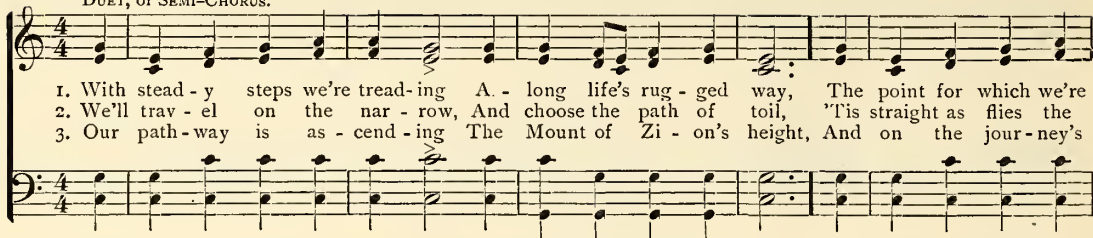
- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.</p> | <p>5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."</p> | <p>6 I looked to Jesus and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk,
 Till all my journey's done.</p> |
|--|---|--|

THE NARROW WAY.

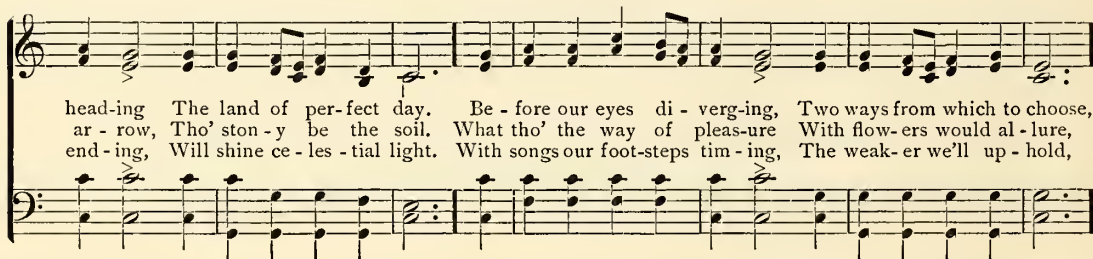
Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by ASA HULL.

DUET, or SEMI-CHORUS.

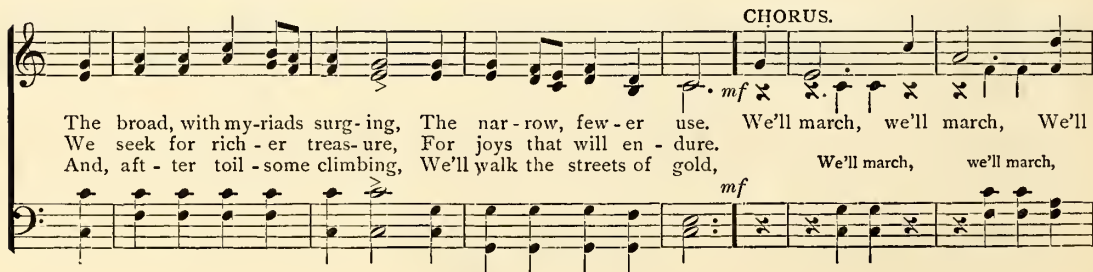


1. With stead - y steps we're tread - ing A - long life's rug - ged way, The point for which we're
 2. We'll trav - el on the nar - row, And choose the path of toil, 'Tis straight as flies the
 3. Our path - way is as - cend - ing The Mount of Zi - on's height, And on the jour - ney's



head - ing The land of per - fect day. Be - fore our eyes di - verg - ing, Two ways from which to choose,
 ar - row, Tho' ston - y be the soil. What tho' the way of pleas - ure With flow - ers would al - lure,
 end - ing, Will shine ce - les - tial light. With songs our foot - steps tim - ing, The weak - er we'll up - hold,

CHORUS.



The broad, with my - riads surg - ing, The nar - row, few - er use. We'll march, we'll march, We'll
 We seek for rich - er treas - ure, For joys that will en - dure.
 And, aft - er toil - some climbing, We'll walk the streets of gold, We'll march, we'll march,

THE NARROW WAY—Concluded.

135

cres. *Rit.*

march in the nar-row way ; And though the road be rug - ged, We'll march in the narrow way....
 we'll march, rough, we'll march, we'll march.

THE WORLD OF LIGHT.

Moderato.

Words and Music by O. SNOW. Arranged.

1. There is a beautiful world, A world where peace and pleasure reigns,
 Where saints and angels sing ; And heav'nly praises ring.

CHORUS.

Ritard.

We'll be there, we'll be there, Palms of vict'ry, Crowns of glo-ry we shall wear, In that beau-ti-ful world on high.

2 There is a beautiful world,
 Where sorrow never comes ;
 A world where tears shall never fall
 In sighing for our home.

3 There is a beautiful world,
 Unseen to mortal sight,
 And darkness never enters there ;
 That home is fair and bright.

4 There is a beautiful world
 Of harmony and love ;
 O, may we safely enter there,
 And dwell with God above.

Words by Rev. W. O. CUSHING.
Copyright, 1885, by Ira D. Sankey.

JESUS KNOWS.

Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus knows thy sor-row, ... Knows thine ev'ry care, ... Knows thy deep con-tri - tion, ...
 2. Trust the heart of Je - sus, Thou art pre-cious there ; .. Sure - ly He would shield thee
 3. Je - sus knows thy conflict, ... Hears thy burden'd sigh ; ... When thy heart is wound - ed,

Hears thy feeblest prayer ; Do not fear to trust Him, ... Tell Him all thy grief, ...
 From the tempt-er's snare ; Safe - ly He would lead thee, ... By His own sweet way, ...
 Hears thy plaintive cry ; ... He thy soul will strengthen, .. O - ver-come thy fears, ...

CHORUS.

Cast on Him thy bur-den, He will bring re - lief. Je - sus knows thy sor-row,
 Out in - to the glo-ry. Of a bright-er day.
 He will send thee com-fort, Wipe a-way thy tears.

Knows thy ev - 'ry care, Knows thy deep con - tri - tion, Hears thy feeblest prayer.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Words by E. M. HALL.

Music by J. T. GRAPE.

1. I heard the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thy all in all.
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy blood, and Thine alone, Can change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
3. For nothing good have I, Whereby Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all; All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He wash'd it white as snow.

4 And then complete in Him,
My robe His righteousness,
Close-shelter'd 'neath His side,
I am divinely blest.

5 When from my dying bed
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

6 And when before the throne
I stand, in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

Words by MARIAN, FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. Sound your prais - es with ho - ly ad - o - ra - tion, Now be - fore the King ap - pear ;
 2. Great Je - ho - vah, in end - less glo - ry dwell - ing, Whom the saints with awe o - bey,

Raise the voice with sa - cred ex - al - ta - tion, Let the heart to God draw near.
 List our song from earth now up - ward well - ing, Joy - ous song of Sab - bath day.

SEMI-CHORUS.

p Ring, gold-en harps, ring your mel-o - dies a - bove ; Ring, gold-en harps, ring your Sabbath songs of love ;
p

SABBATH—Concluded.

139

CHORUS.

mf

Ring, gold - en harps, gold - en harps, ring your mel - o - dies a - bove ;
 Ring, gold - en harps, gold - en harps, ring your mel - o - o - - dies a - bove ;

mf

f

Ring, gold - en harps, gold - en harps, ring your Sab - bath songs of love ; Then will we
 Ring, gold - en harps, gold - en harps, ring your Sab - - bath songs of love ;

f

Rit.

ech - o from earth your Sab - bath mu - sic, Join - ing in prais-ing Him, the God of Sab - a - oth.

3 High in glory the golden harps are ringing
 Harmonies by angel choirs ;
 Minor chords still mingle with our singing,
 But to God each heart aspires.

4 When the sun on our Sabbaths here descending,
 Closing life, earth's songs must cease—
 Then a Sabbath wakes of bliss unending,
 Filled with songs of joy and peace.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

Words by MINNIE B. LOWRY.

Music by J. E. HALL.

1. If you list-en to me I will tell you a sto-ry, I learned it while sit-ting on dear mother's knee,
 2. He was born in Ju-de-a, and lay in a man-ger, A ha-lo of glo-ry en-cir-cled His brow;
 3. Then He lived on the earth till the years of His man-hood, And preaching and praying for sin-ners so dear;

Rit.
 A - bout the Christ-child, of His life and His glo-ry; Who suf-ered on Cal-v'ry for you and for me.
 The peo-ple all hastened to see the small stranger, And glo-ri-fied God for His com-ing, as now.
 His words were divine, e'en tho'spok-en in childhood, Now reigning in glo-ry, we worship Him here.

CHORUS—Only after third verse.

What think ye of Christ? I've told ye the sto-ry; O will you not take Him to be your dear Friend?

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?—Concluded.

141

Rit.

Your life will be peaceful, and filled with a glo-ry, If faith-ful un - to Him un - til it shall end.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Music by S. J. VAIL. By per.

Moderato.

1. Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves O'er years of wasted life; O'er sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er
 2. Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain: We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds—Words,
 3. Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves No veil to hide the past: And as we trace our wea-ry way, And
 4. Ah! who shall thus the Master meet, And bring but withered leaves? Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet, Be-

vows and promis-es un-kept, And reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!
i - dle words for honest deeds—Then reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!
 count each lost and misspent day, We sad-ly find at last— Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!
 fore the aw-ful judgment-seat, Lay down for gold-en sheaves, Nothing but leaves? nothing but leaves?

JUBILEE YEAR.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

Joyfully.

1. The earth is a - wak - ing to ju - bi - lee's year, The day of re - demp - tion and glo - ry draws near ;
 2. The na - tions of earth with their splendor and pride No long - er the pow'r of Je - ho - vah de - ride ;
 3. Then hast - en thy dawn - ing, thou glad ju - bi - lee, E'en now the faint dawn of thy sun - rise we see ;

No long - er tri - umph - ant rules wrong o - ver right, Sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion now dawns on our sight.
 Soon wide as the world will His vic - t'ry be won, The king - doms of earth be the realm of His Son.
 And soon will in splendor the light flood thy day, Christ's glo - rious do - min - ion for - ev - er hold sway.

CHORUS.

ff
 O ju - bi - lee year... come, quick - ly ap - pear, We
 O ju - bi - lee year... come, quick - ly ap - pear,.....

JUBILEE YEAR—Concluded.

143

long for thy com-ing, O ju - bi - lee year! O ju - bi - lee year!..... year! O

ju - bi - lee year!..... We long for thy com-ing, O ju - bi - lee year!

Words by JOHN FAWCETT.

DENNIS.

Arranged from NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love ; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart.
And hope to meet again.

MY REDEEMER LIVES.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. My Re-deemer! how the words Thrill the spirit's deepest chords, Till the heart released from fears, Melts in
 2. My Re-deemer! what would be Highest heaven without Thee? When Thou walkest at my side, Ev - en

REFRAIN.

ten-der love and tears! My Re-deem-er! my Re-deem-er! O the peace... and joy it
 earth is glo-ri-fied! My Re-deemer! my Re-deem-er! my Re-deem-er! O the peace and joy, the joy it

gives, When the soul... can shout tri-umph-ant, I... know.. that my Re-deem-er lives!
 gives, When the soul can shout tri-umph-ant, yes, tri-umphant, I.... know that my Re-deem-er lives, He lives!

3 My Redeemer! O my soul,
 While eternal ages roll,
 Of that sweetest, dearest name,
 Let thy song be still the same.

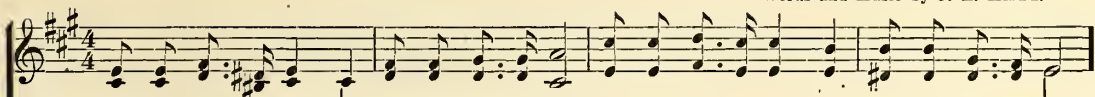
4 My Redeemer! like a star
 Shining through the night afar,
 That dear name dispels the gloom,
 Making radiant the tomb.

5 My Redeemer! mine, yes, mine,
 Through His love and grace divine,
 Mine from sin to set me free,
 Mine to praise eternally!

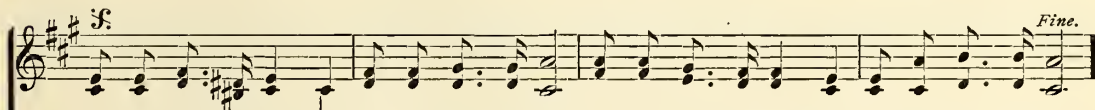
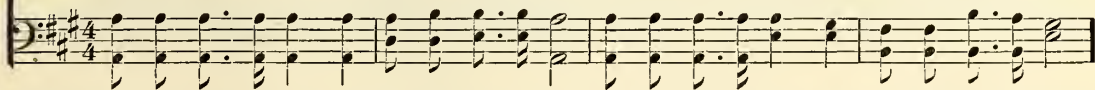
JESUS, SON OF DAVID.

145

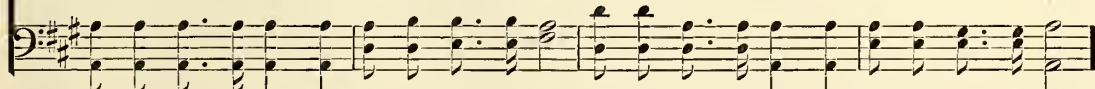
Words and Music by J. E. HALL.



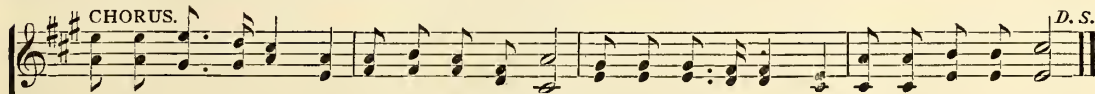
1. Sit - ting by the way - side, see a blind man wait, Asking of the peo - ple alms, with-out the gate ;
2. Ear-nest was his call - ing, help he need-ed sore, And the Sav-iour heed-ing, while he did im-plore,
3. Then the Sav - iour saith in words of comfort sweet, "Go thy way in peace, thy faith hath made thee meet ;"



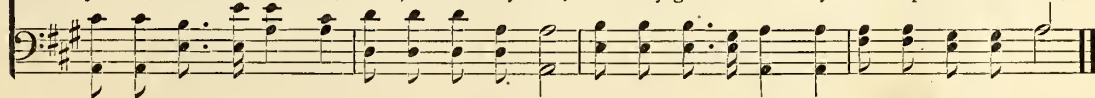
Lo! the Saviour's pass-ing; see, He draw-eth nigh ; "Je-sus, Son of Da - vid," hear the blind man cry !
Said to him, "What wilt thou I should do to thee?" Then he quick-ly an-swered, "Lord, that I might see."
So to us He speak-eth, who are blind with sin, At the gate of blessing, "Come, and en - ter in."



D. S. Je - sus, Son of Da - vid, I am weak and blind, At Thy feet of mer - cy let me heal-ing find.



Je - sus, Son of Da - vid, hear, O hear my call, Let Thy grace and mer - cy now up - on me fall ;



GIVE OF THY STORE.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Give as the Lord hath blessed thy store, Give with a grate-ful heart; So shall the pur-est
 2. Give free-ly as He gives His grace Thy soul to strengthen here; Give glad-ly as His

REFRAIN.
 joys in life From thee no more de-part! Give! cheerful-ly give, joy-ous-ly give!....
 an-gels come Thy faint-ing heart to cheer! Give! give! give! joy-ous-ly give, O give!

f As un-to God a-lone! *mf* 'Tis such He loves on earth to bless And make in-deed His own. *cres.* *dim.*

3 Give back to Him a portion small
 Of what He gives to thee;
 And for it thou, in His good time,
 An hundred fold shalt see.

4 Give as the widow gave her mite,
 Thine all it may not be;
 Yet as the bread on waters cast,
 It shall return to thee.

MEETING.

147

Words by EMMA PITT.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. Meet - ing here in earth - ly tem - ples, How we love of Him to sing, Who hath saved us,
2. Meet - ing here for Bi - ble stud - y, How we love of Him to hear, Who can heal the

REFRAIN.

and re-deemed us, Je - sus, might - y Prince and King. Meet - ing in the sun - lit glo - ry
sick and wounded, Who can con - quer ev - 'ry fear.

Of the land with - out a cloud, How we'll sing with joy un - ceas - ing, Sound His prais - es full and loud !

3 Meeting with our friends and teachers,
Clasping hands in His dear name ;
How we love to sing of Jesus,
Glory, glory to the Lamb !

4 Meeting at the heav'nly portals,
With the loved beyond the flood,
How we'll shout glad hallelujahs,
Hallelujahs unto God !

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. Guardians from on high at-tend us, Ordered by our Fa-ther's love, And from ev-'ry harm de-
 2. Could we see the an-gel-presence, Hear the tones both sweet and low. Would we heed the sa-cred
 3. Spir-its fair that walk be-side us, Ye our Fa-ther's face be-hold; In your love and care still

fend us, While they'd lead our thoughts a-bove; But with pen, that nev-er lin-gers, Write they
 les-sons, Wis-er, pur-er, bet-ter grow? If we saw the features sad-den At our
 hide us, From our youth un-til we're old; In the book that you are trac-ing O'er each

dai-ly thought and deed, Ev-'ry act re-cord those fin-gers, Flow'rs of good, or e-vil weed,
 fail-ures or at sin, Would we strive a-gain to gladden, Back to smiles our an-gels win?
 sin write this re-lease: Je-sus' blood all sin ef-fac-ing, Grants a par-don giv-ing peace.

GUARDIAN ANGELS—Concluded.

149

CHORUS.

Guardian an - - - gels, nev - er leave us, Lead us back..... if we would roam :....
 Guardian angels, never leave us, nev - er leave us, Lead us back if we would roam, O lead us back if we would roam ;

Rit.
 Where our Fa - - - ther will re - ceive us To His king - - - dom, to your home.....
 Where our Father, where our Fa-ther will re - ceive us To His kingdom, to His kingdom, To His kingdom, to your home.

Words by Rev. THOS. S. POULSON.

CHRIST OUR FRIEND.

Music by J. G. ROBINSON.

1. Tho' the night o'erhang our dwelling, And the wintry blasts are swelling,
 And the tempests round us rave ; Till we fear there's none to save :

2 Still the gospel streamlets flowing, To the hearts of all mankind,
 And the heavenly breezes blowing, Cheer the waiting, trusting mind.
 3 With the Christian's banner o'er us, As to duty we attend ;
 In the wide world spread before us, Christ shall ever be our friend.
 4 In the morning of His coming, When the warfare all is past,
 We'll be counted in the summing Of His jewels at the last.

FAREWELL, TILL WE MEET ON HIGH.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. With sor - row - ful hearts we meet to - day, For an - oth - er loved one has passed a - way ;
 2. For - ev - er is hushed the voice so sweet, And for - ev - er still are the glad - some feet ;
 3. To sit at a great - er Teach - er's feet There to learn new les - sons of wis - dom sweet,
 4. We mourn, but fond hope points us a - bove, Where a - waits a meet - ing with those we love ;

The morn - ing of life had scarce be - gun, When the dark - ness fell, and the day was done.
 For - ev - er the hands are fold - ed light, And the lips have murmured their last "good night."
 Our schoolmate has gone, and we must wait, Till He calls us, too, thro' the shin - ing gate.
 Where shin - eth the light of end - less day, And where Je - sus wip - eth all tears a - way.

CHORUS. *Ad lib.*

Fare - well, dear com - pan - ion, school - mate, friend, In tear - ful sub - mis - sion to God we bend ;

FAREWELL, TILL WE MEET ON HIGH—Concluded.

151

Very Slow.

Fare-well, till we meet a - gain on high, Where part-ings ne'er come, good - bye, good- bye !

Words by Miss P. J. OWENS.

THE HILLS OF AMETHYST.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Moderato.

1. Lift thine eyes unto the hills, Thou in sadness weeping; There a joyous murmur thrills, From the angels reaping.
2. Dost thou miss the golden grain, Snowy buds immortal? Would'st thou have them back again? Look at Heaven's portal.

CHORUS.

Death is but the morning mist, Christian, ris-ing o'er thee, Past the hills of am-e-thyst, Shines the day of glo-ry.

3 Lift thy tearful eyes in trust,
Christ, thy treasures keeping,
He who measures earthly dust,
Human tear-drops weeping.

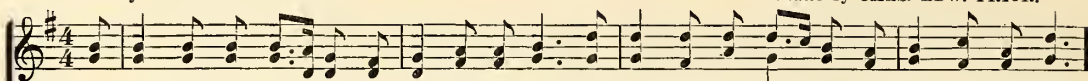
4 Dost thou fear the open grave,
Fear death's narrow prison?
Jesus died the lost to save,
Jesus has arisen.

5 Dark and chill the night may be,
Just before the dawning,
Jesus will keep watch with thee,
Jesus brings the morning.

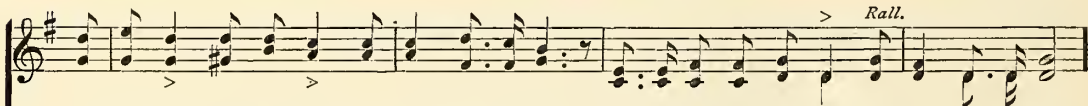
LO! I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Words by HARRIET E. JONES.

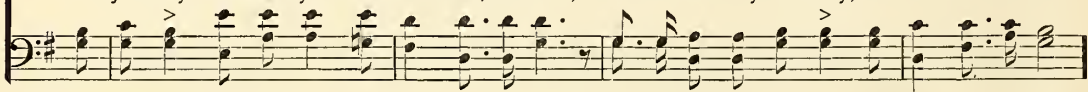
Music by CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



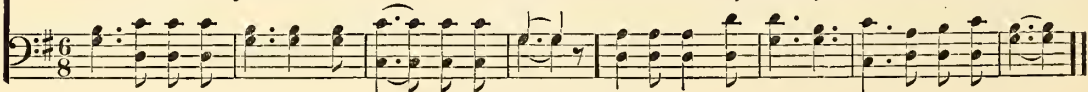
1. Faint not, wea-ry pil-grim, tho' sad and dis-tress'd, Tho' tri-als are ma-ny, tho' sore-ly op-press'd,
 2. Tho' lone-ly and foot-sore, while treading life's way, With nothing to cheer you from day un-to day,
 3. Tho' foes may as-sail you, and friends leave your side, Look up to the Sav-iour, in whom you con-fide;



Re-mem-ber the Sav-iour is al-ways your friend, "Lo! I'm with you al-way, e'en un-to the end."
 Re-mem-ber the prom-ise, re-mem-ber your friend, "Lo! I'm with you al-way, e'en un-to the end."
 He jour-neys be-side you to aid and de-fend, "Lo! I'm with you al-way, e'en un-to the end."

REFRAIN. *Not too fast.*

O beau-ti-ful promise, a-dor-a-ble Friend; "Lo! I'm with you alway, e'en un-to the end."



TELL THEM OF JESUS.

153

Words by ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

Musie by W. L. MASON.

1. Go, tell them of the Sav - iour, God's chil - dren o'er the sea ; That Je - sus lived to
 2. Go with the words of Je - sus, For thro' the dark - est night, Like sun - beams of the
 3. Go with a song of Je - sus, A ten - der song and sweet ; They, too, may join the

CHORUS.

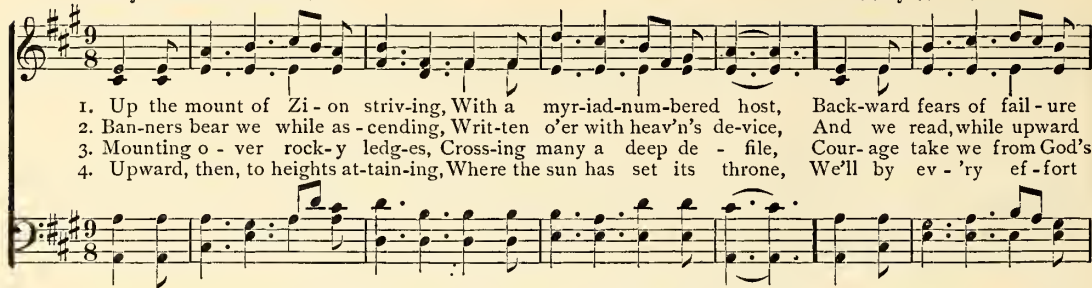
love them, And died ' to make them free. The glad news of sal - va - tion Pro -
 morn - ing, Their en - trance giv - eth light.
 cho - rus, And wor - ship at His feet.

claim from sea to sea ; The Sav - iour lived to love us, He died to make us free.

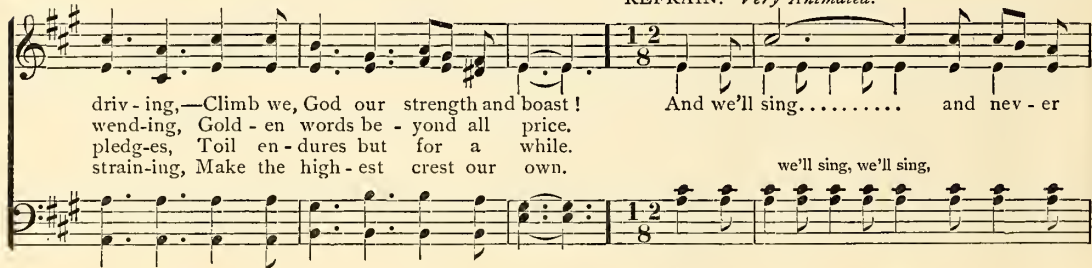
EXCELSIOR.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

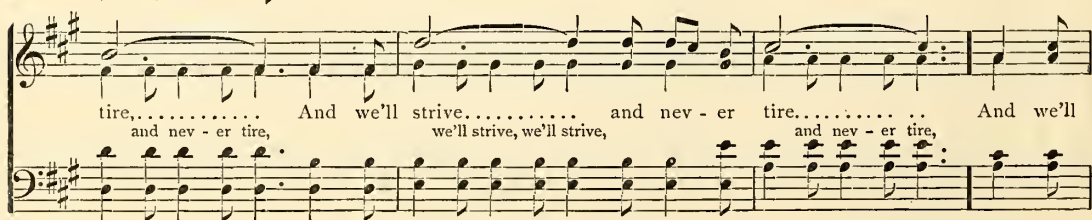
Music by G. FROELICH.



1. Up the mount of Zi - on striv-ing, With a myr-iad-num-bered host, Back-ward fears of fail-ure
 2. Ban-ners bear we while as-cending, Writ-ten o'er with heav'n's de-vice, And we read, while upward
 3. Mounting o - ver rock-y ledg-es, Cross-ing many a deep de - file, Cour-age take we from God's
 4. Upward, then, to heights at-tain-ing, Where the sun has set its throne, We'll by ev - 'ry ef - fort

REFRAIN. *Very Animated.*


driv - ing, —Climb we, God our strength and boast ! And we'll sing..... and nev - er
 wend-ing, Gold - en words be - yond all price,
 pledg-es, Toil en - dures but for a while.
 strain-ing, Make the high - est crest our own. we'll sing, we'll sing,



tire,..... And we'll strive,..... and nev - er tire,..... And we'll
 and nev - er tire, we'll strive, we'll strive, and nev - er tire,

climb..... and nev-er tire,..... For our mot-to is Ex-cel - si - or !.....
 we'll climb, we'll climb, we'll nev-er tire, Ex-cel - si - or !

WORK, WORK FOR GOD.

Words by ELIZA J. COFFIN.

Music by ASA HULL.

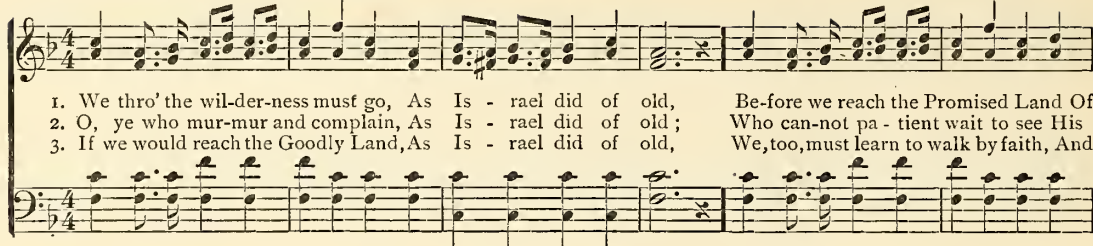
1. There is work for ev-'ry one, Work, work, work for God ; Soon the seed-time will be gone, Work, work for God.
 2. Scatter broadcast precious seed, Work, work, work for God ; To temptations give no heed, Work, work for God.
 3. Work for God will make you strong, Work, work, work for God; All results to Him belong, Work, work for God.

God, in whom we live and move, Bids thee all thy time improve, Show thy faith by works of love, Work, work for God.
 Do not mind what others say, Ev-er keep the narrow way, Work, while it is called to-day, Work, work for God.
 Find thy joys in God's sweet will, Ev'ry promise He'll fulfill, And His peace will keep thee still, Work, work for God.

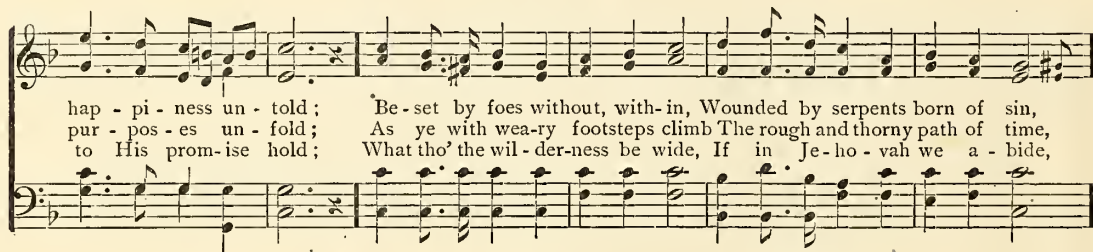
IN THE WILDERNESS.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

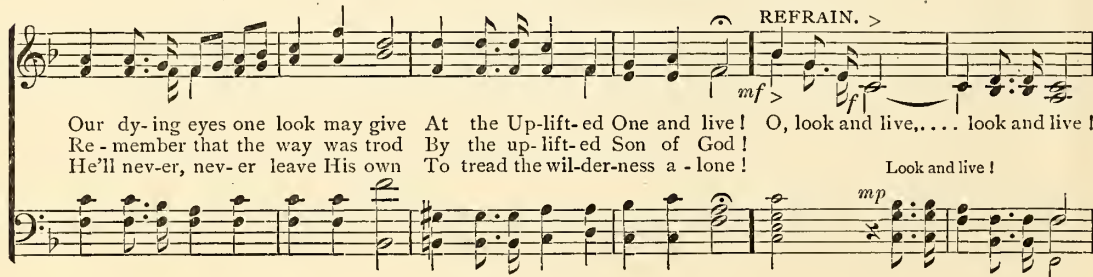
Music by ASA HULL.



1. We thro' the wil-der-ness must go, As Is - rael did of old, Be-fore we reach the Promised Land Of
 2. O, ye who mur-mur and complain, As Is - rael did of old; Who can-not pa-tient wait to see His
 3. If we would reach the Goodly Land, As Is - rael did of old, We, too, must learn to walk by faith, And



hap - pi - ness un - told; Be-set by foes without, with-in, Wounded by serpents born of sin,
 pur - pos - es un - fold; As ye with wea-ry footsteps climb The rough and thorny path of time,
 to His prom-ise hold; What tho' the wil-der-ness be wide, If in Je-ho - vah we a - bide,



Our dy-ing eyes one look may give At the Up-lift-ed One and live! O, look and live,... look and live!
 Re-mem-ber that the way was trod By the up-lift-ed Son of God!
 He'll nev-er, nev-er leave His own To tread the wil-der-ness a - lone!

Look and live!

IN THE WILDERNESS—Concluded.

157

mf O, look and live,..... look and live! Why will ye die? one look now give At the Up-lift-ed One and live!
mp Look and live!

Words Selected and Arranged.

'TIS I, BE NOT AFRAID.

Music by ASA HULL
 CHORUS.

I. { Toss'd with rough winds and faint with fear, Above the tempest soft and clear;
I. { What still small accents greet mine ear? 'Tis I, be not a- [OMIT.....] fraid! 'Tis I who led thy steps a-right, 'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight; 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light, 'Tis I, be not a - fraid!

- 2 These raging winds, this surging sea, 3 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed, 4 From out the dazzling majesty
 Bear not a breath of wrath for thee; Mine arms are underneath thy head; Gently He'll lay His hand on thee;
 That storm has all been spent on Me; My blessings are around thee shed; Whisp'ring, Beloved, lov'st thou Me?
 'Tis I, be not afraid! 'Tis I, be not afraid! 'Tis I, be not afraid!

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THE SHIP OF ZION.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. Em-bark ! em-bark ! the ship of Zi-on spreads her sails ; A-board ! aboard ! with fav'ring wind and tide,
 2. She sails ! she sails ! her keel the lim-pid wa-ter cleaves, She rides the wave so gal-lant-ly and true ;

A wel - come warm each trav-el - er to glo - ry hails, Your safe - ty to our Cap - tain now con - fide.
 Far in her wake all oth - er ships behind she leaves, With faithful work - ers for the Lord, her crew.

CHORUS.

On ! on ! ev - er sail - ing, tho' foam - ing seas like gi - ant mountains tow'r ; On ! on ! nev - er

fail - ing, but trust - ing in our Cap - tain ev - 'ry hour; Safe - ly with Him o'er life's

o - cean will we ride, On the ship of Zi - on o'er the sea we'll glide; Be the wa - ters

smooth and clear, Or should storms and waves appear, Nev - er will we doubt or fear, The port is sure!

3.

No storm, no storm can check her glorious forward course,
Though winds and waves in fury should combine;
A Master's hand can tame the seething water's force,
O'er threat'ning clouds rainbows of promise shine.

4.

Her port, her port the land most fair with golden strand,
Where songs celestial languish nevermore;
Where welcomes greet the trav'ler to the happy land,
When Zion's ship shall anchor by the shore.

EASTER CALLS.

Allegretto.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Snowdrops, lift your timid heads, All the earth is waking! Field and forest brown and dead,
 2. Listen, lilies, Easter calls! Rise in pure adorning! Meet the blessed light that falls,
 3. Wake, sleeping butterfly, Burst your narrow prison! Spread your golden wings and rise,

ALTO SOLO.

In to life is breaking! Snowdrop, rise and tell the story, How He rose the Lord of glory!
 With the Easter morning! Ring, O bells, and tell the story, How He rose the Lord of glory!
 For the Lord is risen! Spread your wings and tell the story, How He rose the Lord of glory!

INST.

CHORUS.

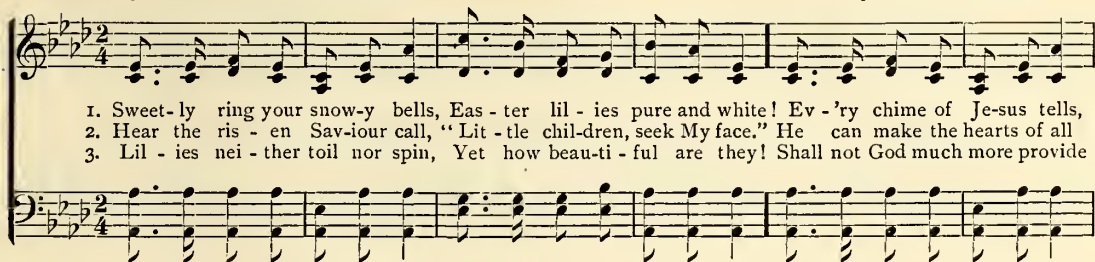
Hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord! Hallelujah, praise the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord! For ever - more.

EASTER LILIES.

161

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

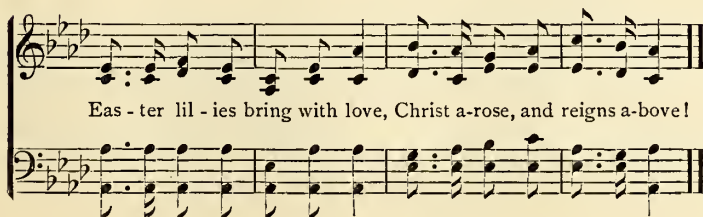


1. Sweet-ly ring your snow-y bells, Eas-ter lil-ies pure and white! Ev-'ry chime of Je-sus tells,
 2. Hear the ris-en Sav-iour call, "Lit-tle chil-dren, seek My face." He can make the hearts of all
 3. Lil-ies nei-ther toil nor spin, Yet how beau-ti-ful are they! Shall not God much more provide

REFRAIN.



Ris-en and en-throned in light! Chil-dren, Eas-ter car-ols sing, Glad-ly let your voic-es ring;
 Pure as lil-ies by His grace.
 For His chil-dren who o-bey?




Eas-ter lil-ies bring with love, Christ a-rose, and reigns a-bove!

- 4 Sweetly sing your Easter song,
 Little children of His love!
 Let your hearts in Him be strong,
 Who arose and reigns above!
- 5 Let us lessons wise secure,
 From the Easter lilies fair,
 Seek to keep our hearts as pure,
 Trust His love and tender care.

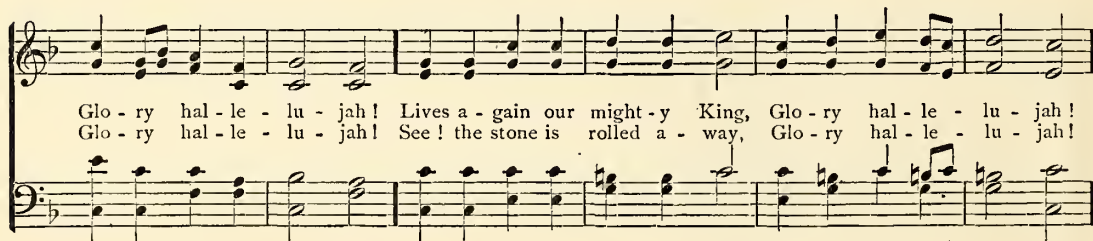
GLORIOUS EASTER DAY.

Allegro.

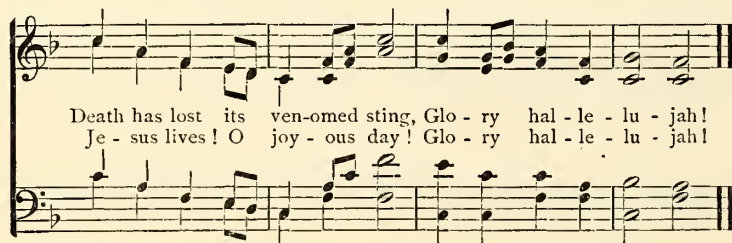
Words and Music by HARRY SANDERS.



1. This is glo-rious Eas-ter day, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Come and sing an Eas-ter lay,
2. Look in-to the va-cant tomb, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Van-ished all its fear-ful gloom.



Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Lives a-gain our might-y King, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! See! the stone is rolled a-way, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!



Death has lost its ven-omed sting, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!
Je-sus lives! O joy-ous day! Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

3.

Now in mighty power He reigns,
Glory hallelujah!
Ended all His griefs and pains,
Glory hallelujah!
He hath all our ransoms paid,
Glory hallelujah!
Full atonement He hath made,
Glory hallelujah!

A SONG IN THE EAST.

163

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. In East-ern lands a bow - er Re-sound-ed with a song,... It woke each bud and flow - er, The
2. Sweet tones the garden fill - ing Pierc'd thro' the ear-ly gloom,... And tones most glad and thrilling Came

CHORUS.
song so glad and strong, The song so glad and strong. He rose, He rose in tri - umph, And
from an emp - ty tomb, Came from an emp - ty tomb. He rose,

emp - ty is the grave; A - bove Him, hal-le - lu - jah! The palms of vic - t'ry wave.

3 The lilies, tall and stately,
Bent listening to the breeze,
That moaned and wailed so lately,
Among the wind-swept trees.

4 O, joy for all the weeping
O, flow'r of buried seed!
First-fruit of all the sleeping,
The Lord is ris'n indeed!

HE ROSE, MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Un-shak-en by the flight of time The truth still groweth more sublime! That Je-sus came a
 2. O, birth-day of a faith di-vine, What tender mem'ries 'round thee twine! For-get-ting not the
 3. With-in each heart, on Eas-ter day, Let joy and grat-i-tude hold sway; Be-hold the emp-ty
 4. O, strong founda-tion, safe and sure, Of faith that ev-er shall en-dure! Of hope that ev-er

REFRAIN.

world to save, And rose in triumph from the grave! *mf* He rose! He rose..... *cres.* that we may
 riv-en tomb Was reach'd thro' Calva-ry's deep gloom!
 tomb, and cry, "The Lord of life hath gone on high!"
 more shall glow, To pu-ri-fy the world be-low! *mf* He rose, He rose! *cres.*

rise..... To sing His praise..... in yon-der skies!... He rose from death... to set us
 that we may rise, To sing His praise in yonder skies! He rose from death *mf* *cres.*

HE ROSE, MIGHTY TO SAVE—Concluded.

165

free,..... And make us His..... e - ter - nal - ly!.....
to set us free, And make us His e - ter - nal - ly!

Rit.
dim.

GLORIA PATRI.

Music by ASA HULL.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost ; As it was in the be -
gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men ! A - men ! A - men !

Ritard.
a tempo.

GLORY, HALLELUJAH!

Words and Music by J. E. HALL.

1. Glo-ry, hal-le-lu - jah! Christ a-rose to-day; Burst the bars of death, gone conq'ror on His way!
 2. Glo-ry, hal-le-lu - jah! far and wide proclaim News of free sal-va - tion, thro' Mes-si - ah's name!
 3. Glo-ry, hal-le-lu - jah! death has lost its sway, For the cru-ci-fied One rose this Eas - ter day!

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! shout a-loud and sing Glo - ry to the Sav - iour, Christ our ris - en King!
 Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! voice the song a - gain, Je - sus Christ is ris'n, and ev - er-more shall reign!
 Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! sing it o'er and o'er, Dy - ing once He liv - eth, liv - eth ev - er-more!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Christ the Lord is ris'n we sing! Glo - ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Let the earth with music ring!
 Glory, hal - le - lu - jah! Glory, hal - le - lu - jah!

MAGNIFY HIS NAME.

167

Words by Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Allegretto.

1. Mag - ni - fy the Saviour's love, He de - scend-ed from a - bove; Je - sus died our souls to save,
 2. An - gels came from heav'n to earth With the tid - ings of His birth; They in sweet, me - lodious strains,
 3. East - ern sag - es from a - far, Guid-ed by a ra-diant star, Cost-ly gifts and off-rings bring,

He His life a ran-som gave, Let us now in con-cert sing Hymns of glo - ry to our King;
 Sounding o'er Ju - de - a's plains, Told the shepherds with de-light, List'-ning to their songs by night,
 Glad-ly to the In - fant King; They with joy the Babe be-hold, Whom His moth-er's arms en - fold;

Let us swell the notes of joy, And our tongues in praise employ.
 Joy - ful news to you we bring, Christ is born, a Sav-iour-King!
 Christ they humbly fall be - fore, Him they wor-ship and a - dore.

4.

Jesus to the temple came,
 Children there, with glad acclaim,
 Joined His glorious name to sing,
 With hosannas to their King!
 Let us now our voices raise
 Loudest anthems to His praise,
 Let us make a joyful sound,
 Spread His name and fame around.

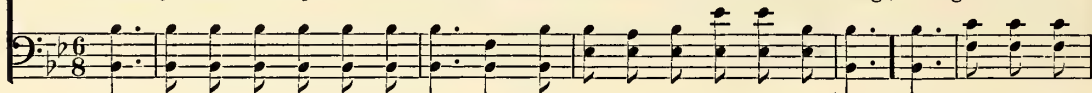
THE WONDROUS BIRTH.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

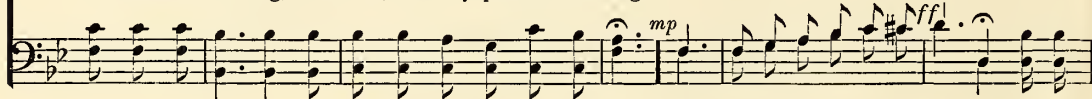
Music by ASA HULL.



1. O sing the sweet song of the an - gels, Who sang the glad news of His birth ; Our Je - sus, our
 2. He came from His kingdom so glo - rious, And here in a man-ger He lay ; In sta - ble so
 3. Dear Je - sus, ac - cept of our trib - ute, Which here on this Christmas we bring ; We give Thee our



Sav-iour, Re-deem-er, The King o - ver heav-en and earth ! O "Glo-ry to God in the highest !" For the
 poor and so low - ly With ox - en—His bed made of hay.
 hearts' richest off-'ring, Our love, and Thy prais-es we sing !



wondrous gift of His love ! Yes, "Glo-ry to God in the high-est !" For Je - sus who came from above !



THE BLESSED BABE.

169

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. When the ho - ly Babe was born, An - gels sing - ing woke the morn ; Chanting prais - es to our
2. Star - led kings their gifts un - fold, Myrrh and frankin - cense and gold ; From the far - thest East they

REFRAIN.

Lord, Peace on earth and sweet ac - cord ! For He came to set us free ; He was
came, Wor - ship - ing, they praise His name !

born our Lord to be !.. Yes, He came to set us free ; He was born our Lord to be !..

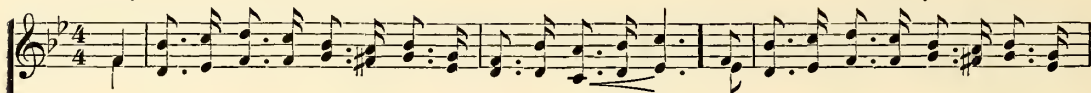
3 Prince of Peace, alas ! the shame
That the blessedness He came
Yearning to bestow on men,
Still no nearer seems than then !

4 Holy Babe of Bethlehem,
Number us, we pray, with them,
On whose heart is echoed still,
"Peace on earth, to men good-will !"

GLAD TIDINGS.

Words by Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

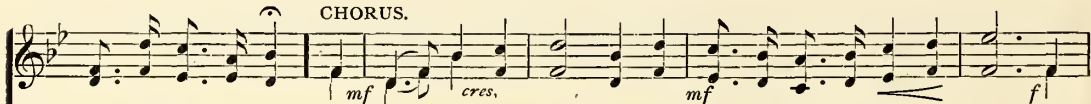
Music by ASA HULL.



1. Glad tid-ings of great joy we bring To you and all the earth! Glad tid-ings of great joy we sing At
 2. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given; The Prince of Peace, th'Anointed One, The



CHORUS.



our Re-deem-er's birth. Glad tid - ings, glad tid - ings! Glad tid - ings of great joy we bring! Glad
 no - blest gift of heaven.



tid - ings, glad tid - ings! Glad tidings of great joy we sing!



- 3 The Lord of Glory from the skies,
 Descends to dwell on earth;
 Let rapture fill the notes of praise,
 At our Redeemer's birth.
- 4 Let happy voices join the song,
 Let earth resound the strain;
 The heavens take up the joyful sound,
 And echo the refrain.

SONG OF WELCOME.

171

Words by EMMA PITT.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

Allegretto.

1. Wel - come, wel - come chil - dren sing, Wel - come to the new - born King! For the Christ-child
2. Wel - come, wel - come chil - dren sing, Christ was born to be your King! Glo - ry to His

REFRAIN.

came to earth, Hail the day that gave Him birth! Sing ho - san - na, glad ho - san - na!
ho - ly name, In - fant Babe of Beth - le - hem!

Sing ho - san - na to His name! Sing ho - san - na, glad ho - san - na To the Babe of Beth - le - hem!

3 Welcome, welcome children sing,
Ev'ry heart glad homage bring!
One and all, with cheerful voice,
In His glorious reign rejoice!

4 Welcome, welcome children sing,
Gifts of love to Jesus bring!
Give your hearts to Him to-day,
While you sing the joyful lay!

GLORY, PEACE, GOOD-WILL.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

1. Glad an-gels, the glo-ry of heav-en for-sak-ing, Were hast'ning to Beth-le-hem un-der the hill,
 2. They harness'd the stars to their cha-riot of splendor, And sped on their course o'er the pathway of night,
 3. The mu-sic that throb-b'd o'er Ju-de-a's fair regions, Comes down thro' the a-ges, still might-y its chords;

Ere yet in the east ros-y morn-ing was breaking, And sang their e-van-gel of peace and good-will.
 Then floated to earth, on the hill-side to ren-der The songs they had learn'd in the heav-en-ly height.
 'Tis ech-oed each year by the chil-dren in le-gions, When Christmas re-turn-ing its rap-ture af-fords.

CHORUS.

So sing we glo-ry in the high-est, Peace on earth, good-will to men, And earth and heav'n u-
 So sing we glo-ry to God, good-will to men,

GLORY, PEACE, GOOD-WILL—Concluded.

173

nit - ed Sing glo - ry to God a - gain ; So sing we glo - ry in the high - est, Glo - ry to God a - gain.
Sing glory to God a - gain ; So sing we glo - ry to God,

CALL HIS NAME JESUS.

Moderato.

Words and Music by G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. Angels join with glad accord, On the birth-day of our Lord; And they sing in sweetest lays, Gladsome songs of praise!
2. To the shepherds by their fold, The good news the angels told, Speaking of the joy for earth, Thro' a Saviour's birth.
3. It shall spread from pole to pole, This same news the angels told, Till the men of ev'ry clime, Join the song sublime!

REFRAIN.

mf Thou shalt call His name Jesus, Jesus, Je - sus ! *cres.* Thou shalt call His name Jesus, For He saves His people from sin !
mf *cres.*

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

Allegretto.

1. Once more the world looks back a - long The mist - y path of a - ges ; And sees a - gain the
 2. Once more we see the Vir - gin bend A - bove the low - ly mang - er, Where lies the hope of
 3. O Christ - mas - day ! what thoughts entwine Around thy sa - cred sto - ry, What sweet - er tale can

blaz - ing star That led the east - ern sa - ges ! It hears a - gain the Ser - aph's song O'er star - lit
 all the earth, A smil - ing lit - tle stran - ger. No crown be - decks His in - fant brow To tell a
 mor - tals tell ? What theme more full of glo - ry ? And as the years go roll - ing by, To us it

val - leys ring - ing, Where shepherds watch their flocks by night And hear the an - gels sing - ing.
 king - ly sto - ry, But heav'n - ly ma - jes - ty sits there An au - re - ole of glo - ry.
 grow - eth dear - er, As we new les - sons from it learn, And read its mean - ing clear - er.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS—Concluded.

175

CHORUS, *Not too fast.*

mf Al - le - lu - iah! Al - le - lu - iah! Hail God's wondrous gift to man! *cres.* *mf* Al - le - lu - iah! Al - le -

mf *cres.* *mf* lu - iah! Praise Him for re-demption's plan! Al - le - lu - iah! Al - le - lu - iah! Al - le - lu - iah!

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

THE HERALD ANGELS.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King!" Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies!
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 See, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

4 Let us, then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

THE SONG OF THE PINE.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

Music by G. FROELICH.

Spirited.

1. The pine-tree stood in the sum-mer days, So green and proud e - rect, And crown'd with gleaming
 2. The pine-tree stood in the win-ter blast, The wind howled deep and loud; And feath-'ry flakes came
 3. The pine-tree stands in the fest - al hall, A - mid the Christmas joy; She hears the sounds that

gold-en rays Like queen for bri-dal deck'd; And sweetly sang she to the strings The wind swept soft and low;
 fly - ing fast, The bare trees sway'd and bow'd; And loud she sang in whistling storm, When oak and willow fail;
 rise and fall From glad-voic'd girl and boy. The tapers gleam on em'rald bough, On branches deck'd with gold;

CHORUS.

What joy the balm-y summer brings, The pines and cedars know. We sing to the pine-tree tap'ring high, 'Neath
 Still straight and proud, I lift my form, I joy in win-ter's gale.
 Of all the year she's gladdest now, Among our hap-py fold.

THE SONG OF THE PINE—Concluded.

177

sum-mer sun and win-try sky, The ev-er-green tree will nev-er die—Hur-rah for the Christmas pine!

ITALIAN HYMN.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

Music by GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing: Help us to praise! Fa-ther all
 2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our pray'r at-tend; Come and Thy
 3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour; Thou who al-

glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.
 peo-ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess; Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend.
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of power.

IMMANUEL, GOD WITH US.

Words by ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. O list the bells of Christmas morn, Sweet tid - ings do they tell: "For un - to you this day is
2. Be with us on our Gal - i - lee, And speak Thy lov - ing peace, That bids our storm-toss'd wave be

REFRAIN.

born The Christ Im-man - u - el." Im-mian - u - el,..... be Thou with us,..... Be
still, And all our troub-le cease. Imman-u - el, be Thou with us,

in the song we're singing ; While peace on earth,..... good-will to men,..... The Christmas bells are ringing !
While peace on earth, good-will to men,

3 Be with us all our journey through,
Thy words, the truths that shine,
Like Bethlehem's Star of ages past,
Upon our Palestine.

4 Immanuel, 'tis God with us,
Our hope and crown of glory,
Our trust, our confidence and stay,
Thy love our sweetest story.

THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

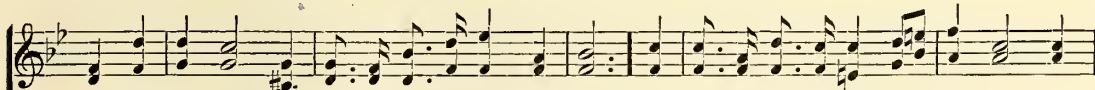
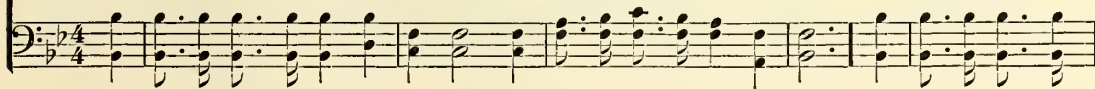
179

Words by **MARIAN FROELICH.**

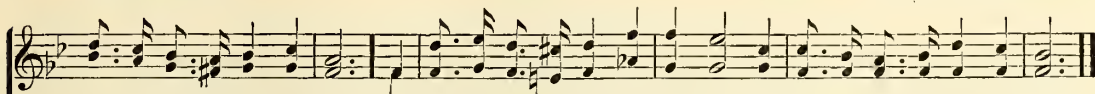
Music by G. FROELICH.



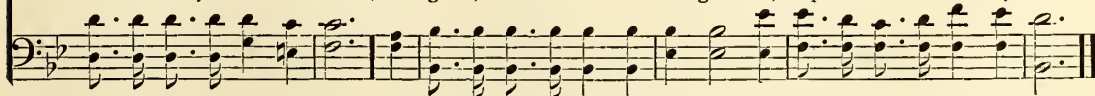
1. Sweet Yieh with tender hand is lead-ing The young-est fest-al day of all, And chil-dren to her
2. They yield their day to songs of prais-es, To Him who did so much for them, Who guards them thro' life's
3. O Children's Day, the seed thou't sow-ing, In lov-ing ser-vice to the Lord, To gold-en grain will



wel-come speed-ing, Haste ea-ger-ly, both great and small. They come to hail the day with greet-ing, De-
de-vious maz-es, To-ward the heavenly gates of gem. Each heart is raised in ad-o-ra-tion, While
soon be grow-ing, Rich har-vest for the Lord af-ford. And thro' the years that youth is lengthened, True



vot - ed to them-selves a - lone, And tho', like oth-er days, 'tis fleeting, The Children's Day is childhood's own.
 lips u-nite in fer-vent pray'r, And willing hands make free ob-la-tion, In children's sac-ri-fice to share.
 wisdom's ways we'll ever search, And grow, for fu-ture ef-forts strengthened, To pillars for God's ho-ly Church.



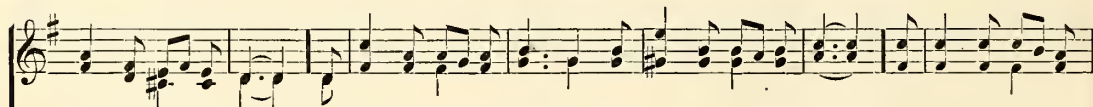
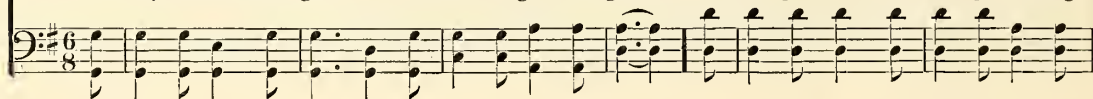
OUR ANNIVERSARY.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

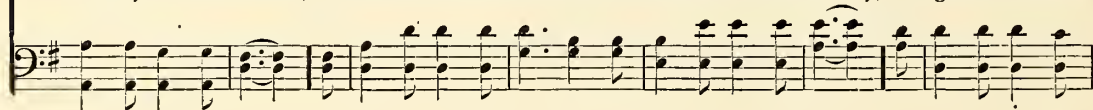
Music by W. L. MASON.



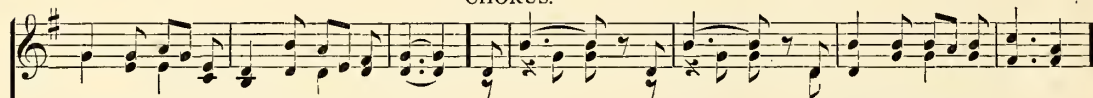
1. Each year, in num-bers grow-ing, The cit - y's high-ways throng, And speed-ing to their tem-ple gates, Glad
 2. To - day we count the grac - es That, like a gold - en gleam, Their sunlit path-way traced so bright Through-



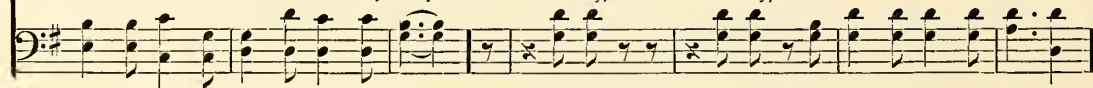
children haste with song ; What means this jubi-la - tion ? Why float the bann-ers gay ? Why take our songs a
 out the year's swift dream ; We bless the hand that show-ers With flow'rs the chil-dren's way, That gives us hearts to



CHORUS.



glad-der ring ? 'Tis An-ni-ver-s'y Day ! Our day, our day, 'Mid sum-mer breezes glow-ing ;
 bless His name This An-ni-ver-s'y Day ! Our day, our day,



Our day,.... our day,.... The charm of joy be - stow - ing; Then let each fount of
 Our day, our day,

mu - sic play, With praise, God's blessings to repay On An - ni - ver-s'ry Day, From hearts o'er-flow-ing!

THY WILL BE DONE.

For each verse. *For 3d verse only.*

"Thy will be done!" In devious ways, etc. "Thy will be done. Thy will be done!"

- 1 In devious ways the hurrying stream of | life may | run; yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
- 2 If o'er us shine a gladd'ning and a | prosp'rous | sun, this prayer will make it more divine:
- 3 Though shrouded o'er our | path with | gloom, one comfort—one is ours,—to breathe while we adore,

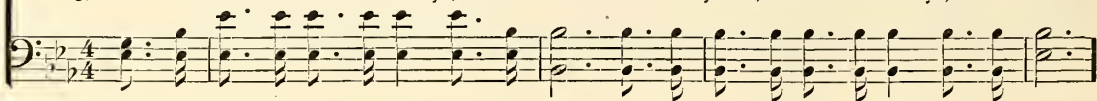
PRAISE THE LORD FOR CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

Words by MARIAN FROELICH.

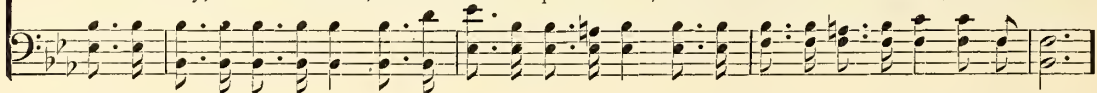
Music by G. FROELICH.



1. Praise the Lord for childhood's days, Praise the Lord! Dawning life's sweet, golden haze, Praise the Lord!
2. Praise the Lord for childhood's days, Praise the Lord! When life's fountain sparkling plays, Praise the Lord!
3. Praise the Lord for childhood's days, Praise the Lord! Guide of youth, lead Thou our ways, Praise the Lord!



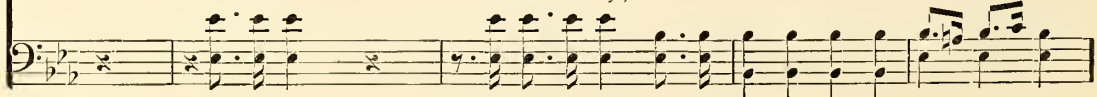
Gently glows the waking light, Purple, crimson, dazzling bright, Far the hours from darksome night; Praise the Lord!
 Pure the wa - ters, crystal, clear, In - no - cence and God is near, Life is full of joy and cheer, Praise the Lord!
 Full-orbed day, with toil and heat, Onward hastes on pinions fleet, But all time with Him is sweet, Praise the Lord!



REFRAIN.



Praise the Lord, for childhood's days, Ev - er springs the children's grate - ful praise;
 Praise the Lord for childhood's days,



PRAISE THE LORD—Concluded.

183

Praise the Lord..... for childhood's days,... Like a fountain's crys-tal sprays!.....
Praise the Lord for childhood's days, O praise the Lord!

Words by E. PERRONET.

CORONATION.

Music by O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,

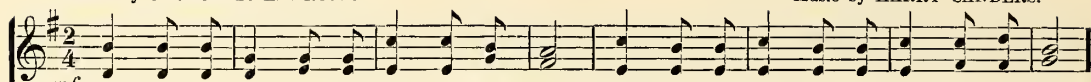
And crown Him Lord of all! Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all! Hail Him who saves you By His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!

- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

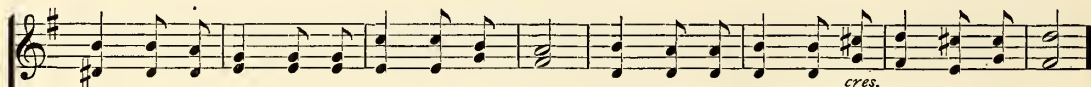
HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

Words by GEORGE D. EMERSON.

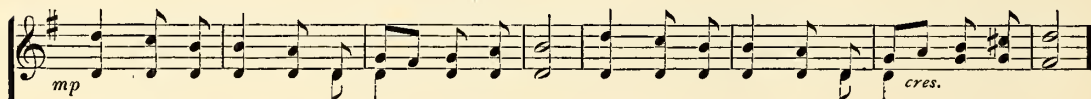
Music by HARRY SANDERS.



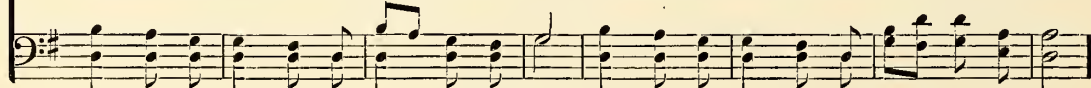
- mf*
1. Thanks be to God for His won - der - ful love! Praise ye His name for the gift from a - bove!
 2. Thanks for the gift of Thy on - ly dear Son! Thanks for His good-ness life's jour-ney to run!
 3. Praise His great name! let the na - tions a - dore, Sav - iour, Re-deem - er, and God ev - er - more!



An - thems of glad - ness peal forth on the breeze, Ech - o His great-ness o'er land and o'er seas!
 Thanks for the sum - mers and win - ters be - tween! Thanks for the au - tumn and spring ev - er green!
 Throned with the an - gels and bless - ed a - bove, Praise Him, O earth, for His won - der - ful love!



Praise Him, ye sons of the bless - ed and good! Praise Him, ye mountains, and val - leys, and flood!
 Thanks for the air, and for wind, and for sky! Thanks for the sun, and for stars up on high!
 Praise Him, ye great-est and small - est of all! Praise Him, ye kin - dred, that rise from the fall!



HYMN OF THANKSGIVING—Concluded.

185

f Praise Him, ye daughters and chil - dren of men! *ff* Praise Him from hill-top, from for - est and glen!
 Thanks for the moon, and for day, and for night! Thanks, too, for dew, and for rain, and for light!
 Praise Him, ye chil - dren of weak-ness and death! Praise Him! O praise Him, all ye that have breath!

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by HARRY SANDERS.

1. To - day the peo - ple raise A hymn of grateful praise Un - to their King! To Him whose loving
 2. O fav - ored land, and free! Peo - pled from sea to sea; Now glad - ly raise Thanksgiving songs for
 3. O Thou, our fa - ther's God, Who marked the path they trod In old - en days, Their children guide, we

hand Hath blessed our own dear land, We raise an an - them grand, Loud let it ring!
 all; For good from Him doth fall; His kind - ness then re - call In grate - ful lays!
 pray; Be Thou our hope and stay, And may our hearts al - way Ring with Thy praise!

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ANTHEM.—Let Every Heart Rejoice.

Music by G. FROELICH.

f Let ev - 'ry heart re - joice and sing, . . Let cho - ral an-thems rise ; Ye rev'-rend men and chil-dren

bring To God your sac-ri-fice. For He is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all His ways ;
For He is good, the Lord is good,

With songs and honors sounding loud The Lord Je - ho - vah praise ; With songs and honors sounding loud

ANTHEM—Concluded.

187

Slow.

Fine.

The Lord Je-ho - vah praise, While the rocks and rills, while the vales and hills A glo-rious an-them raise;
A glo - - rious anthem raise;

Let each prolong the joy-ful song, And the God of our fa-thers praise; While the rocks..... and the
While the rocks

rills, while the vales..... and the hills A glorious anthem raise, A glorious anthem raise.
and the rills, while the vales and the hills A glo - - rious anthem raise,

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

Words by WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Music by ASA HULL.

SOLI. *TUTTI.* *SOLI.*

mf

1. Ring, ye bells, from steeples high, New Year's day is here! Let the joyful echoes fly,
 2. Ring, ye bells, o'er all the earth, New Year's day is here! High resolves have fitting birth,
 3. Bells of heaven, peal afar, New Year's day is here! Thro' the shining gates ajar,

mf

TUTTI. *DUET.*

f *mf* *cres.*

New Year's day is here! Welcome in the glad New Year With a song of hope and cheer;
 New Year's day is here! Ring good resolutions in, For the right to work and win,
 New Year's day is here! Let from bells of earth arise Joyous answer to the skies;

f *mf*

TUTTI. *Rit.* *Tempo.*

mf *cres.* *f*

May the lessons of the past Yield us wisdom that shall last Through the coming year.
 And human-ity to raise Near-er God in coming days, Through another year.
 For the world the Christ hath trod Is a year's march near-er God, Hail the glad New Year!

mf *f*

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